

Wanted A LEADER Who LOVES ENGLAND THE SATURDAY REVIEW

What Lady Houston thinks

WHEN Solomon wrote "a fool returneth to his folly," he must have been thinking of Mr. Eden—who after making an abject fool of himself over the League of Nations—which would not matter in the least if he were not Foreign Secretary—now—as "a fool returneth to his folly" is trying to push this poor Country back again into that dreary dismal Fraud, the defunct League of Nations, **BUT NO DOUBT HE HAS HIS ORDERS FROM MOSCOW.**

NAPOLEON said "I saw the crown of France in the gutter. With my sword I raised it up and placed it on my head."

THE GOVERNMENT OF ENGLAND IS IN THE GUTTER. Is there no patriotic Englishman brave enough to save his country from the political sycophants *who are trailing England's heart and pride in the mud and slime of self interest?*

Last week Mr. Churchill told this *poltroon Government* in the House of Commons what he thought of them. Now read what the House of Lords think of them.

EARL STANHOPE, First Commissioner of Works, only recently appointed to Cabinet rank startled the House of Lords when he declared:

"I am bound to admit that, under present conditions of service, the voluntary system is obviously in grave danger."

He appeared to be in some haste to cover up a statement of such frankness that the House was stung to attention.

Lord Stanhope, achieved as much drama as any

politician has ever crowded into one sentence, gave dismal details a little earlier of the failure of the voluntary system to replenish the Army ranks.

Accordingly, when he spoke of the system's "grave danger" he gave the impression that there must have been anxious Cabinet discussion.

Another sensation was the furious onslaught on the inadequacy of the Government's air preparation which was delivered by the Earl of Halsbury.

(Continued on pages 688-89)



Lady Houston, Editor.

Reprinted from the "Saturday Review," 7th November, 1936.

RED HATE

By Father Owen Dudley

MY object in writing this is that you who read it may appreciate the reality of what is now striking at England's heart. I am not going to spare your feelings because I want to rouse them against a Satanic hideousness, the true nature of which you are barely aware, or are now only becoming aware, owing to the suppression, until recently, of the truth of what is happening in Spain, under the ægis of Red Hate.

At a recent Congress, which comprised delegates from our English Universities, I had to speak on social questions of the day. I had laid an indictment against Bolshevism to the effect that the admittance of the Godless Soviet State of Russia into the League of Nations was no less than a tragedy. What contribution to the Christian order of civilisation, whose restoration was essential to peace, could the arch-enemy of Christianity make?

COMMUNISM IN UNIVERSITIES

They attacked me vigorously for daring to suggest that Bolshevism was attacking religion. I quoted in reply Karl Marx, Lenin, Stalin and the Bolshevik code of law for my authorities. What amazed me was the fact that picked delegates of our English Universities, and certainly highly intelligent young men, should believe, as undoubtedly they did, in the cause of Bolshevistic Communism. The whole temper of their contribution was that the salvation of humanity lay in the advance of Communism. I realised afterwards that what I was coming to believe was true—that our English Universities are honeycombed with Communistic teachings—that our English youth are accepting blindly whatever they are told by the propagandists of Hate, who nowadays do not hesitate to publish open and unscrupulous falsehood.

I have talked privately with young men and women all over England, who do not disguise their allegiance to Moscow's cause. **I HAVE LAID UNASSAILABLE FACTS BEFORE THEM—INDISPUTABLE EVIDENCE OF THE METHODS OF RED TERRORISM IN RUSSIA, AND OF RED HIDEOUSNESS IN SPAIN. IN MANY CASES THEY WILL BARELY LISTEN, LET ALONE ACCEPT. THEY INTEND TO STICK TO WHAT THEY HAVE BEEN TOLD BY RED**

PROFESSORS AND MASTERS. I don't think it is altogether my imagination, but they talk with what I can only describe as a Red glitter in their eyes. They have been inoculated with Red Hate. And once Red Hate possesses them, they become almost impenetrable to reason and truth and facts.

How many know that at the Congress of the Young Communists' International in Moscow IN 1928, it was reported that England was first among the twelve countries in which young children were being successfully drilled in all that Bolshevism stands for?

In England at the present moment at least a dozen Communist organisations are at work, including the "Young Communists' League" for boys and girls between fourteen and eighteen; there are also a dozen or so revolutionary journals, including the *Daily Worker*, being sold in London and the provinces. Thousands are being given regularly wireless talks and instructions from Russia in English. Thousands are being duped. How completely they are being duped I was able to estimate from various industrial crowds I talked to out of doors during August and September.

In Birmingham Bull Ring the Red element was particularly strong. I was subjected to a volley from the Reds of such astounding assertions as to leave me almost gasping: there was no war against religion in Spain, no atrocities, and we had been stuffed with lies against the saviours of the workers and of humanity. I waited until there was a lull, and then gave them the facts and what to any reasonable body of men would have been ample evidence for the truth of what I was saying. Their only reply was to sneer.

NUMBERS INCREASING

OUR ENGLISH REDS ARE SO UTTERLY UNDER THE THUMB OF BOLSHEVIK AGITATORS AND PROPAGANDISTS THAT LITTLE CAN BE DONE WITH THEM IN THEIR PRESENT MOOD. THEIR NUMBERS ARE INCREASING DAILY, NOT ONLY AMONGST THE WORKERS, BUT IN EVERY CLASS OF LIFE AND PROFESSION.

(Continued on page iii of Cover)

The

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Love Their Country*

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THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

Satan Rebuking Sin

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald scolding the country for its defencelessness.

HOME AFFAIRS

The King and the Special Areas.

The King's reception in the most desolate of the Special Areas has been a memorable proof of what personal leadership still counts for in an over-economised world. The people of South Wales are peculiarly susceptible to the human touch, and their destinies have been controlled in the last generation by commercial forces in which that element is, to say the least of it, not conspicuous.

Last week saw the King's simplicity and sincerity rekindling, as by a miracle, the family sense of an afflicted community. The House of Commons, at the same time, by an emphatic rejection of Party fetters, gave voice to the deep national feeling of resentment against ineffectiveness and pedantry. The way has been prepared in every sense for a real programme of redemption, if Ministers have the insight and purpose to carry it through.

It is a supreme opportunity for showing that the "time-lag" imputed to democracies does not infect even more deeply the Cabinets that rule them. The policy of the past two years was inaugurated with high promises.

It has, admittedly, been entirely fruitless, and nowhere has it reached the core of the trouble. Nothing is plainer than the call for "unconventional principles" and more direct remedies.

The nation's conscience is in revolt, and for an awakened conscience the only relief is action without ambiguity.

The Observer.

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The Plight of Shipping

A charge of gross neglect was made in the House of Lords on 11th November by Lord Lloyd in the matter of our merchant service. It is a subject which has been raised year after year, and, as Lord Lloyd pointed out:—

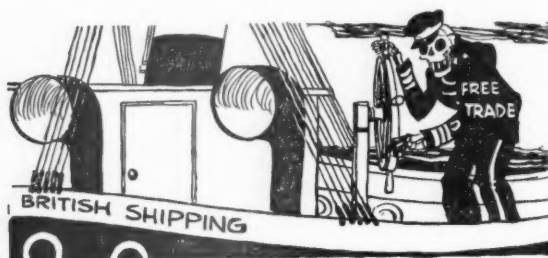
"We were in a magnificent position to say to other countries: 'If you want our market, then please ship your trade, or a proportion of it, in

Why should the army be dressed in blue? We have the sailors in blue and our police in blue, but scarlet is the colour for the army; immortalised by Kipling as "a thin red line of heroes." And the old dress of a scarlet coat and dark trousers was the smartest of the smart. Khaki was only first worn in war-time because the colour melted better into the landscape.

British vessels.' Action of that kind could be taken immediately and without any great fear of reprisals."

It is the dead hand of Free Trade which is still at the helm, and until that is removed nothing will be done. It is simply maddening to know that we are in a position to secure fair trading conditions from the U.S.A., Japan and any other nation, and

yet are afraid to take the necessary steps. Speaking for the Government, Lord Templemore argued that the shipping problem was being adequately tackled by the tramp subsidy, the scrap-and-build scheme and "other schemes." What these "other schemes" are he did not elaborate, but they are all worthless if the Government will not secure equality of treatment for Great Britain in the shipping business. Here are some thought-raising figures:—In the last five years British shipping has declined by 3,000,000 tons. Since 1914 the personnel of the merchant service has



decreased by 45,000, or 27 per cent. In the last twenty years foreign nations have spent £2,000,000, in shipping subsidies, of which about one-half has been paid by U.S.A.

Trade with the Soviet

The preposterously one-sided trade which we now carry on with Soviet Russia was disclosed by the President of the Board of Trade in reply to a question in the House of Commons on 10 November. According to his statement, from January, 1934, to September, 1936, the total declared value of merchandise imported into the United Kingdom from the Soviet Union was £51,880,000, and of exports of United Kingdom produce and manufactures to Russia £9,857,000. The value of re-exports was £17,962,000, and was thus 82 per cent. greater than that of British goods exported. Adding the exports together, there was a balance of £24,061,000 in favour of the Soviet Government. Yet, in face of these figures, our National Government, at the end of a session and when no discussion was possible, announced that they had granted a loan, in the shape of a trade credit, of £10,000,000 to the Bolsheviks. It is quite obvious that there was available a large sum for purchases of British goods, without any loan, had the Soviet Government so desired. The development of the re-export business in itself is of no value to British workers, and in making the original trade agreement our Minister responsible would seem to have exercised little or no care in securing a deal to benefit our workers. The loan business shows equally that he considers it no concern of his to secure justice for Russia's British creditors.

The Patriot.

A Contemptible Campaign

Socialist local government now celebrates another glorious victory in its campaign for obliterating patriotic sentiments from the minds of schoolchildren.

Two hundred retired naval officers have planned, with the approval of the Admiralty, to give lectures in schools up and down the country about the work of the Navy, and conditions of life in the Service.

The Education Committee of London's Socialist County Council has issued instructions that schools under its control are not to allow the officers to lecture.

It is worth surveying a list of the measures, some of them important, some incredibly petty, which the Socialist L.C.C. has taken in its years of office to hamper recruiting and to stifle a natural pride of race and Empire in the schoolchildren under its charge.

Petty Actions

The Council has:

Withdrawn authorisation for Cadet Corps or Officers' Training Corps in schools under its control ("Military drill and practice on the part of boys in schools may be fraught with considerable dangers," explained Mr. Morrison.)

Declined to allow a message by the late Earl Beatty to be read in the schools on Empire Day, even though the message was an appeal for peace, tolerance and understanding among the nations.

Changed the name of Empire Day, for school purposes, to Commonwealth Day.

Refused to allow boy cadets to use school premises for training after school hours.



Banned a proposed demonstration in Battersea Park by Territorials who would carry out the anti-aircraft defence of London in time of war, then yielded to public protest and allowed the demonstration to take place on Clapham Common.

Declined an invitation extended to London schoolchildren to attend a rehearsal of the Aldershot Tattoo.

The example of the L.C.C. has been joyfully followed by other Socialist authorities in and out of London. No stratagem is too barefaced, and none too childish, for these Socialists, provided that it contributes in some degree to their anti-British campaign.

Evening Standard.

Pacifist Madness

By the company it keeps, the pacifist movement is condemned, and how utterly contemptible it can be is made obvious by the "complete pacifist" movement, which even Viscount Cecil, president of the League of Nations Union, condemns as madness, for, he contended at Manchester on 11th November, "such a policy would involve the gradual abolition of the fighting forces and the abandonment of the British Empire."

During the debate in the Commons, when the country's re-armament plans were under discussion, some of the speakers were inclined to belittle the effect of this pacifist propaganda on the Government's plans. The facts to bear in mind are that on the one hand the Regular Army is 30,000



to 40,000 short in its effective strength and the Territorial Army something like 90,000 short, while, on the other hand, the Socialist Press points with glee to the progress made in securing signatures to Canon Sheppard's Peace Pledge.

The Patriot.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

Face the Truth

The way in which personal considerations are for ever upsetting national policy is well exemplified in the ridiculous deadlock over Italy. Nothing said or done in this country can modify the geography of the Mediterranean; protests against our patrolling of that sea, and counter-protests about the necessity of that sea to ourselves are so much hot air. But one thing is immediately necessary for the establishment of good relations between England and Italy and that is a formal recognition of the very obvious truth that Italy has taken over Abyssinia. Yet this recognition, which must come sooner or later, is being delayed in order to "save face," after the Chinese fashion. For this absurd reason a major part of our foreign policy is at this moment held up. There was something of the same sort at the Buckingham Palace Conference over Ireland years ago; Mr. Balfour (as he then was) would not give way, and his colleagues did not like to offend him. There-

fore nothing was done, though nearly everybody knew what ought to be done—and we now know what followed. In that case, as in this, the recognition of the right policy was general; but the recognition of its importance was not. Either the Irish question was to be settled, or we were to await disaster. We awaited disaster, because it is always easier to drift. Exactly the same thing is happening in the Italian business to-day. Men know it is important, but they do not know how important it is.

G.K.'s Weekly.

The Moscow of the Mediterranean

I have just left Barcelona — the Moscow of the Mediterranean — and as the result of two months' study of anarchist rule in Catalonia am able to tell the full uncensored story of how Russia has taken control of every phase of industry, and even of the schools, cinemas, and theatres with the object of saving the Red cause in Spain.

Barcelona's factories are working day and night assembling machinery from Moscow, and manufacturing explosives from Soviet material in accordance with Russian plans.

The Red régime in Catalonia, modelled on Soviet lines, is, if anything, more extreme in character. It is being enforced with the utmost rigour for two purposes:

(1) To send tens of thousands of well-trained troops to save the dwindling Red armies in Madrid.

(2) To stamp out all forms of opposition throughout Catalonia, so that when Madrid falls the conspirators of world revolution may at least count on a Mediterranean base for fresh propaganda efforts.

Secret Police

Perhaps the most formidable indication of the completeness with which Catalonia has been Sovietised is the secret police force set up in Barcelona on the lines of the Moscow secret police.

This organisation, known in Barcelona as the "Investigacio," is responsible for mass murder. If a family or an individual is suspected of holding opinions contrary to Soviet ideas the Investigacio seeks them out.

Its members always work under cover of darkness. They swoop suddenly on their victims. There can be no appeal.

In the early dawn on most mornings you can see officials clearing away bodies from lonely streets in the outer suburbs.

"Daily Mail" Special Correspondent.

Our Dangerous Bunglers

By C. H.

WOULD N'T it be strange if this terrible European war that we are all shaking in our shoes about were to be started inside the next three weeks or so by the bungling of British politicians? "Hm!" say you, "The Government are pretty stupid, but they are not so stupid as that." To which I reply that you never can tell.

The point of immediate danger is General Franco's intimation that he intends to blockade Barcelona. "But why worry about that?" say you. "Doesn't General Largo Caballero keep on declaring a blockade of every port in Spain?" Of course he does, but nobody pays any attention to him because he's got no warships that dare to poke their noses out of the harbours where they are hiding. General Franco is another pair of shoes. If he says he means to blockade Barcelona we can be sure that he will make an attempt to do it.

SOCIALIST OUTCRY

Where will that lead us? To listen to the Socialist and Liberal papers and politicians you would suppose that for General Franco to institute such a blockade without first securing the august permission of the British Government would be a rank act of piracy, and we may be sure that the appropriate adjectives reserved for describing the exploits of Blackbeard and Captain Kidd will be launched fortissimo by every Labour and Liberal throat in the country the moment the first blockade-runner is captured.

NOW THE VITAL QUESTION IS WHETHER THE GOVERNMENT WILL LISTEN TO THIS OUTCRY AND ORDER GENERAL FRANCO TO CALL OFF HIS BLOCKADE AT THE POINT OF THE BRITISH NAVY. We have to remember that the indignant chorus will be swelled by countless League of Nations addicts who are disgusted, as well they may be, that the siege of Madrid is taking a big toll of non-combatant lives and who forget that even under the Geneva Convention it is only unfortified and undefended towns that must not be bombed.

It was the Reds, not the Junta army, that elected to treat Madrid as a fortress, and its women and children and other non-combatants as so many sandbags. The Reds should either have abandoned Madrid or evacuated its non-combatants, as they are now belatedly doing. If it is true that General Franco left a part of the town and the road to Valencia unbombed he did more than the usages of war required of him.

UNFORTUNATELY, SOFT-HEARTED PEOPLE SELDOM HAVE FAIR MINDS, AND THE ANGER OF MANY PEOPLE IN THIS COUNTRY WILL BE TURNED AGAINST THE SIDE THAT IS DROPPING BOMBS ON MADRID, NOT AGAINST THE

SIDE THAT HAS FORCED THEM TO DO SO.

So there will be a lot of pressure brought to bear on the Government to threaten General Franco with the British Navy if he tries to blockade Barcelona. Yet he has a perfect right to do so, according to the laws of war, provided he can scrape enough ships together to make the blockade effective. Who has recognised him as a belligerent and who not has nothing to do with it. On receiving notification of the blockade the British Government can do one of three things.

It can accept the notification and warn British ships not to clear for Barcelona. It can notify General Franco that it regards the blockade as a "paper" blockade—one which he has not the ships to make effective—and refuses to be bound by it, or it can, alone or in conjunction with other Governments, notify General Franco that it does not choose to have British ships making Barcelona interfered with, and that if he does interfere with them the British Navy will be ordered to protect them.

The first is the course that neutrals usually take in the case of a *bona fide* blockade. They *must* take it if they wish to remain neutral. The second course is one which, according to international usage, any belligerent is entitled to take if it thinks the blockade is not effective, but here the proof of the pudding is in the eating. The blockade is not ineffective because the odd blockade runner gets through or effective because the blockaders manage to stop an odd ship here and there.

A FOOLISH STEP

If the British Government took the third course and simply told General Franco that he would molest British ships bound for Barcelona at his peril we should certainly be acting within our rights—since every country has the right to go to war—but we should then no longer be neutrals.

Will the Government take that foolish step? One sincerely hopes not, but who can say what a Government like ours, which pays so little attention to Conservative opinion but responds with striking alacrity to Red clamour, will do. **ONLY LAST WEEK WE HAD A TASTE OF MR. EDEN'S QUALITY WHEN HE TOOK IT ON HIMSELF TO TELL THE WORLD HOW, WHEN AND FOR WHOM BRITAIN WOULD FIGHT.**

We might, he said, and if need be would fight to defend British interests and those of the British Commonwealth of nations. No mention of fighting for the British mandated territories, but that was perhaps an oversight. We shall fight, says Mr. Eden, to defend France and Belgium against unprovoked aggression, and if Germany comes back into a new Locarno Pact we shall fight

to protect Germany from unprovoked aggression. Finally we may fight, said Mr. Eden, though we are not obliged to do so, on behalf of any victim of aggression if we think our obligations under the Covenant require us to do so.

That seems pretty nearly comprehensive. If there is a scrap anywhere we are pledged by the Government to be in with both feet on one side or the other. Our only hope of staying out will be to postpone action while we decide who is the unprovoked aggressor, but we shall have to have a more intelligent Foreign Secretary than Mr. Anthony Eden if we are ever to get away with that.

A British Cabinet anxious to keep out of trouble could quite reasonably allege that the Czecho-Soviet and Franco-Soviet Pacts are acts of aggression to which any shimozzle that arises in the next 25 years can be directly traced. It could allege that the bogus trial of German citizens by Moscow is an act of aggression, that the Italo-German-Japanese anti-Communist entente is an act of aggression or any one of a dozen other things. **THE TROUBLE IS, THAT WE MAY NOT HAVE A GOVERNMENT THAT WANTS TO KEEP US OUT OF TROUBLE.**

WE MAY HAVE A BUSYBODY GOVERNMENT LIKE WE HAVE NOW.

Mr. Eden did not, it must be admitted, say that we should go to war if General Franco blockaded Barcelona. It would certainly be an interference with British interests, but it is one which, as neutrals, the laws of war require us to put up with, and if we opposed it with arms, it is we who would be the unprovoked aggressors. Then it would be the turn of Italy and Germany to take action against *our* unprovoked aggression and we may take it that they would not bother their heads about the Covenant. As Russia is already doing all the fighting she can for the Spanish Reds without much success, our intervention would be most welcome to her—until the fat was well in the fire.

No, on the whole, even Mr. Baldwin's little lot will think twice about making this country the first open-and-above-board belligerent in the struggle between Fascism and Communism for the soul and body of Spain, but, as I say, you never can tell. All the same, it would be tragic comedy if we, the arch-peacemakers, were to fire the shot that sets the ball of Armageddon rolling.

The Little More

By Hamadryad

(A Member of Parliament has introduced a private Bill to make tipping illegal).

You can roam the world from Jehol to Jamaica,
You can make your way from Troon to
Timbuktu,

But you'll never find a spot where they won't take a
Pour boire for almost anything they do.

You can clamber to Vesuvius's crater,

You can go by land or air or in a ship,
But you'll never find a porter or a waiter

Who will turn his honest nose up at a tip.

In Mindanao or in Maggiore,

In Interlaken or in Inverness,

You'll find, like all the rest who've gone before 'e,
Occasions for distributing largesse.

Where Bergen meets the long Atlantic roller,

Or Capri smiles on seas forever calm,

Whether the climate's warm or circumpolar,

You'll never fail to find a waving palm.

The chambermaid, the liftman and the porter,

The boy who from your boots removes the soil,

The maître d'hôtel, who exercises hauteur,

Are waiting for the fruits of honest toil.

The donkey boy, the taximan, the chauffeur,

The lad who puts the petrol in your tank;

The bloke who shuts the door—a shocking loafer,

All look on you as something in the bank.

You cannot take a side-car to the station,

Without the fellow drinks your honour's health;

You cannot go and shoot with a relation,

Without endowing half his staff with wealth.

And when there comes again the Christmas season,

And you need all the money that you've got,

You have to ply with cash, for no known reason,

The postman and the dustman and who not.

The little extra services they render

Are seldom worth a great amount in cash,

Though they usually help the lavish spender

To imagine he is cutting quite a dash.

But should we grudge poor people such as these
are

The little gifts that are their modest due?

It's not a case of rendering unto Cæsar,

For oft their tips are tips and wages too.

Instead of asking Parliamentary Members

To urge this Bill with favourable lips,

'Twere better far to fan the dying embers

Of service with a plea for still more tips.

Why should we tip the barber and the waiter,

But leave untipped, because of their degree,

The higher-ups that to our comfort cater,

Like Sir John Simon or the P.M.G.

Their lives would be both practical and pleasant,

They would not shirk or slumber or deceive,

If half our statesmen's wages were a present

Based on the good results that they achieve.

Ten thousand pounds, say, pressed into the mitten

Of honest toil is surely just the plan

To make our League-struck Tony play the Briton,

And put a little pep in Bumbler Stan,

Simon Tries to Trap Us

By KIM

SIR JOHN SIMON moved and carried the Second Reading of his "Public Order Bill" last week. The public may not yet appreciate that Simon has struck a heavy blow beneath the belt against the rapidly decreasing liberties of the subject.

Its passage though the House was easy. Tories, Liberals and Socialists combined to bless it as a pure Democratic measure, blessed balm in Gilead, though one Socialist M.P. who smelled a rat, announced that he would gladly curtail "some of his liberty to safeguard Democracy." **BUT**

OFFENCES FOR WHICH LOYAL BRITONS MAY BE SENT TO PRISON FOR TWO YEARS AS COMMON FELONS OR BE FINED BIG SUMS UP TO £500, AS ALSO THE SEQUESTRATION OF PROPERTY ON THE EVIDENCE OF AGENTS PROVOCATEURS. It is not surprising that Northern Ireland, the one alert civic part of the State, will not touch it at any price.

Has it occurred to you that in this "democratic" land of "liberty," imprisonment or fines for trivial technical offences are mounting to towering



Policemen chasing demonstrators during the East End riots. Note the scrawled "Smash Fascism" on every shop shutter.

IF "DEMOCRACY" CAN ONLY EXIST BY CRUSHING LIBERTY, IT IS TYRANNY.

During the debate, and while listening to the purring oration of Sir John Simon, who played the part of hungry Cassius, some Honorable Members looked uncomfortable. They apparently realised that they were a gathering of conspirators who intended to assassinate liberty and were trying to justify it among themselves.

It seems to me that this Bill, sneaked through to Committee by stealth, is important to the man in the street and not merely because its object is to smash the Blackshirt movement. **FOR ONE THING IT CREATES NEW CRIMINAL**

heights? At any rate, under Simon's Bill, if in future you or I should be so misguided as to express any opinion in public which might be called "insulting" to the Jewish fraternity, we may be sent to gaol for three months or be fined £50. As our friends the Jews, with all their gifts and attractiveness, are admittedly very thin-skinned, and rush in to proclaim the slightest criticism as "anti-Jewish," and as "insults," it will be seen that the least disparagement of the Chosen Race will give the excuse for arrest and conviction.

I am not here concerned with Jewry pro or con, but only with Sir John Simon's amazing idea of "liberty," since it is notorious that in October last the Blackshirt meeting and march through the



East End was banned at the last moment by the police because the Communists deliberately set out to erect barricades, to riot, and performed many acts of violence. They were the aggressors, not the Blackshirts. Communists claim the right to march themselves and hold meetings and, in fact, on the following Sunday did so, but the Blackshirts did not interfere with them.

Most people would think that any legislation should protect British citizens, even if they are Mosleyites, against the hooligans, but Sir John Simon with his devotion to "liberty" takes the alien hooligans under his protecting wing.

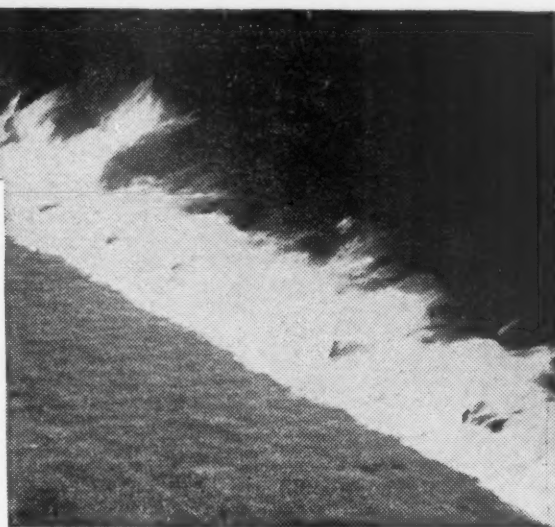
Also it should be said that if Jews are generally disliked and unpopular as a community—that is lamentably sometimes the case—it is not because of their religion. Not one person in a thousand cares what they do or do not believe, but the name Jew too often signifies a racial origin usually alien and only too frequently Communistic, which means anti-British.

It is sheer dishonesty to pretend, as Sir John Simon does, that abuse of the Jews is an insult to their religion. **BUT HYPOCRISY HAS ALWAYS BEEN SIR JOHN'S TRUMP CARD. IT IS THE HALL-MARK OF THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT.**

His Bill, which he boasts "touches our essential liberties," is, in fact, a weapon to destroy these liberties. It is a farce to pretend it is to preserve public order, for it deliberately leaves open every avenue to enable Communists or such to smash up other peoples meetings and to march themselves, or rather slouch, with their banners and signs, and knuckle-dusters and razors. Sauce for the goose is not sauce for the gander. If they wreck a Tory meeting, or any meeting to which they object, short of carrying weapons, they may do so. If they interrupt and drown a speaker with abuse, their names and addresses may be taken by a policeman, and finally they may be ejected with as "little force as necessary" by the stewards. One can imagine what chance the legitimate audience will have of hearing the speakers on the platform!

If we had had a Government to forbid the seditious tendencies of the Communists with their

riots, their sabotage, their stay-in strikes and the like, a Bill would have been thoroughly laudable. *But we see here an effort to destroy bodies whose entire movements are national, pro-British, and intensely loyal.* That is sufficient reason for these Moscow-doped poltroons to smash them. All Sir John Simon's efforts were directed to conceal this somewhat vital truth. He pretended that his Bill was to curb "extremist doctrines," and these "whether right or left does not matter." It matters tremendously. **IT IS ALL THAT DOES MATTER. ONE DOCTRINE IS**



A trail of blazing petrol from a car which was overturned by hooligans in Mile End road.

LOYALIST AND BRITISH, THE OTHER IS ALIEN AND OPENLY HOSTILE. To hump them together as six of one and half-a-dozen of the other, is to place a premium on sedition, and to give Government encouragement to the subsidised alien thugs and hooligans subsidised by Moscow.

So, in this frame-up to trap us, any little slip on the part of the "principal person sued" (Simon's words), any mistake of a subordinate, will be used in evidence. "If you were to be strictly confined to the evidence of what was said or done in the presence of the principal person sued," he went on to say, you might not get a conviction! So the law of evidence is to be stretched!

Not long ago, Lady Houston, in telling the public the truth, had to face similar underhand tactics by the Government and its bosses who wanted to shut her down. She was threatened. Her agents were victimised. If her paper had depended on advertisements—as to which Lady Houston is indifferent—they would have got at her as they have at other newspapers. **THEY UTTERLY FAILED TO SHAKE HER SPIRIT AND I BELIEVE SIMON'S UNDER-THE-BELT TACTICS LIKEWISE WILL RE-ACT IN AN OPPOSITE WAY TO THAT HE ANTICIPATES.**

Does the King Know?



The King, during his triumphant tour of South Wales, proved himself a born leader.

THE King has rejoiced every loyal heart by his visit to South Wales and the energetic words and actions that it drew from him.

Youth is with the King, whatever the old and senile statesmen about him may say and think. Youth is with him for two reasons.

Britain aches for leadership—and he can give it.

Britain is a realist nation—and he breaks through rhetorical webs and goes to the source of the facts.

He wants to know for himself.

RED RULE

But does the King yet know the most vital thing about his realm—that ever since the ascendancy of Ramsay MacDonald Britain has been virtually ruled to a Russian plan?

DOES THE KING KNOW THAT AT GENEVA ANTHONY EDEN IS REGARDED AS THE PROTÉGÉ OF M. LITVINOFF (NÉ FINKELSTEIN) AND THAT LITVINOFF KNOWS HIM FOR THE PROTÉGÉ OF MACDONALD, WHO IN 1917 CALLED ON THE KING'S SUBJECTS TO FOLLOW RUSSIA INTO BOLSHEVISM?

No public disgust with the action of Ministers is strong enough to shift the limpets of the Treasury Bench from their seats.

Baldwin may confess that he so filled the nation with pacifism that he dared not ask it to re-arm and may confess that he misled the electorate for the sake of votes—**BUT THERE HE STAYS.**

Eden may reduce his own prestige and Britain's to the mud by hectoring Mussolini and then running away—**BUT THERE HE STAYS.**

Sir Samuel Hoare as Air Minister may reduce our fighting strength to a nullity, **BUT IN OFFICE HE STAYS.**

Does the King know that in his hands lies the fate of these misleaders of the nation? Does he know that he has the Constitutional right to dismiss them at will? Does he know that for three years he could rule without a Parliament clacking at his heels?

Does he know that his people would welcome a strong line from him—would rejoice in a Monarchy that is a Monarchy—if only he used the great powers that the Constitution confers on him?

A few Russian-rotted Communists would blare out their alarm—a few soft-heads in Bloomsbury and Chelsea would weep and wail—but **THE REAL NATION WOULD BE RAISED TO A PITCH OF ENTHUSIASM FOR THEIR NEW AND REAL LEADER THAT WOULD ASTONISH THE WORLD.**

The realm is the King's realm.

By...

"HISTORICUS"

The duty of every statesman in it is to see that his realm is not open to destruction from outside or inside. It is to build adequate defences against attack from without and to see that conditions at home do not cause revolt.

After what Baldwin has himself confessed, after what Inskip has stated, can any one doubt that in the first duty the present Administration has failed to the point of treachery?

AFTER WHAT THE KING HAS SEEN FOR HIMSELF, CAN IT BE DOUBTED THAT THE ADMINISTRATION HAS

a state that economists fear each month to see the gap of payments widen still further, and for the distressed areas virtually nothing has been done.

Baldwin, who boasts at elections of the prosperity that the National Government has brought in, between elections spends his time trying not to deal with hunger marchers.

THE KING KNOWS HOW HEARTILY THE NATION HAS APPROVED HIS VISIT TO WALES. DOES HE KNOW HOW HEARTILY THE NATION WOULD WELCOME A SIMILAR PRACTICAL LEADERSHIP IN ALL DEPARTMENTS OF THE COMMUNITY'S LIFE?

One thing and one thing only has kept the Baldwin-MacDonald abortion in office—the lack of a strong leader against them. Such a man must



"At Geneva Eden is regarded as the protégé of Litvinoff."

FAILED TO CONDUCT OUR ECONOMIC LIFE WITH EITHER THE SKILL OR THE VISION THAT THEIR HIGH PLACE DEMANDS?

On all counts they have failed, and they have failed because the influence of the left permeates the Cabinet.

OPEN TO ATTACKS

Had Ramsay MacDonald had his way we should have been in a Bolshevik chaos in 1917. He did not get his way—then. Now, after two MacDonald Premier-ships (one of which made the crisis of 1931) and a period of MacDonald as the coadjutor of Baldwin, we lie open to the attacks of our possible foes, our overseas trade is in such

have the confidence and trust of the people, his motives must be above reproach or suspicion, and his personality must be such that he can command the obedience of his fellows. He must have youth—for vigour is needed for the task of restoring Britain. He must have resolution—for many will stand in his way.

All these qualities our King has and has shown in many directions.

Let him show them in all.

The paid Commons will not impeach Ministers who fail in their patriotic duty. Those Ministers will not resign.

They must be made to give place to a man who can and will save his country.

There is such a man and there is a need for him.

DOES THE KING KNOW?

They Fight for Spain!

By Ramon Franco



General Franco's troops on the road to Madrid.

Commander Ramon Franco-Bahamonde, brother of the Spanish leader, General Francisco Franco, is a former partisan of the Liberal Spanish Government who has now cast in his lot with the Patriot revolt. During the monarchy he worked consistently for the establishment of a Republic, and was several times imprisoned. The elections of 1931 brought about the establishment of a Republic and the abdication of King Alfonso, and Franco returned to Spain a public hero. But he soon became dissatisfied with the conduct of the Government by the mild Liberal group he had helped to put in power, and turned towards the Right.

In 1934 he was appointed air-attaché at the Spanish embassy in Washington, and was dismissed from his post because of utterances in favour of the Patriots. He now plans to return to Spain to join his brother's forces.

THE present revolution in Spain has its roots in the origin of the Republic. After the failure of the Revolution of Jaca and Cuatro Vientos in December, 1930, I had to flee and take refuge in Paris. There I received some advice from my brother, General Francisco Franco. It was his opinion, and the opinion of almost all the officers of the Army, that it was our duty to back the legal constitutional government.

Later, in the election of August, 1931, the people's votes ratified our December Revolution, giving origin to the Spanish Republic.

Because of its timid attitude, that Government lost the popular backing. The people felt they had been betrayed, for they saw that the only thought of their political leaders was to benefit themselves from the national treasury, deliberately neglecting their previous principles.

Thus was formed the conspiracy of General Jose Sanjurjo in August, 1932, which ended in the defeat of the rebel forces. The conspirators tried to win over General Franco, but he told General Sanjurjo that to him this rebellion seemed out of place. He repeated his old principle that the military should be subordinated to the constitu-

tional government, and that only when the country entered into anarchy through the incompetency of the government should the military take over the abandoned power and re-establish peace and prosperity.

THUS IT WAS THAT AT DIFFERENT TIMES IN HIS CAREER, MY BROTHER, GENERAL FRANCO, COMPLIED WITH HIS DUTY UNDER THE ORDERS OF DIFFERENT REPUBLICAN GOVERNMENTS, AND ALSO SUFFERED PERSECUTIONS AND INJUSTICES FROM THEM.

When a Central-Right Government, overcoming great opposition, placed Gil Robles at the head of the Department of War, General Franco was made Chief of Staff of the Army. Disregarding all politics, he devoted his energy to the organisation of an army which until then existed only in theory.

This was the opportune moment to establish an orderly government without washing Spain in blood. But this unique opportunity was lost, and what was not done then due to legal scruples was to be done later and at the wrong time. This

came when the people, victorious in the election of February, 1936, placed power in the hands of the same people who four years before had so poorly handled it, and who were stripped of their authority by proletarian associations and turbulent Catalan politicians.

It is at this moment that the Civil War really started. At first quiet and underground, it was accelerated by the assassination of proprietors, engineers and assistants, and reprisals against the leaders of workers' organisations. Crimes covered the Spanish soil with blood for several months, and the partiality of the Government was such that most of them remained unpunished. They finally culminated in the murder of the Fascist leader, Calvo Sotelo, in July, 1936.

I was called to Spain in September of last year to help in the reorganisation of our aviation, and returned to the United States in December. During my short stay in Spain, I observed trends in the masses that would lead to the electoral triumph of the working classes. At the same time I saw the advance of "Espanolismo" among nearly all the officers of the Army, whose only ambition was to be part of a nation respected by other nations, and not a laughing-stock.

Only a few of the officers remained on the side of the Left Republicans, and thus were not included in this unusual unity of thought, not because they lacked "Espanolismo," but simply because they had been the victims of unjust persecution by the Central-Right Government.

RED PERSECUTION

In spite of all the emotion produced in the whole nation by the abominable assassination of Calvo Sotelo, I judged that this was not the proper time for the revolution, for the people were still under the illusion of their victory at the polls. The breakdown of the Popular Front had not yet occurred, but it would inevitably be brought about by four or five months of bad government.

The Government, by its persecution of the patriotic elements, precipitated events. Repeated removals of Patriots from commanding positions in the Army, in most cases because of malicious gossip, and the placing of full authority for all kinds of posts in the hands of the Minister of War and President of the Cabinet, Casares Quiroga, were the final blow to the military group. Because of this my brother wrote a long letter of complaint to Minister of War Quiroga.

The complete anarchy of the country and the injustice and insolent contempt of the politicians forced the official staff of the Army to unite in a movement against Communism and for order. This has the backing of the middle classes of the nation, and it will save not only Spain, but also all of Occidental Europe from the danger of Communism.

Did my brother Francisco, a man who had gained all his prestige entirely by his own efforts, through sacrifices and by exposing himself on the field of battle, judge that the nation was being abandoned to the Bolsheviks and that it was time to act? I believe it so, for he placed himself at the head of a movement uniting the nationalistic elements of all Spain. It will end with the triumph of a new Spain and complete

Spain's

Hero



GENERAL FRANCO

Gallant leader of the Spanish patriots.

defeat and annihilation of all the destructive international forces of which the rulers of Spain are mere figureheads.

Many resources failed the rebels, otherwise triumph would have been rapid. The main defection was the navy, whose officers were fully behind General Franco, but whose men were undermined by those international forces. The crews of the ships, by assassinating their officers, were able to delay the transportation of forces from Morocco to Spain, allowing time for the rapid organisation of the Government forces.

Some elements of the Right, Catholics of the Basque provinces, defenders of a small regional nationalism, preferred to unite with the Communist and anti-religious forces of the country, and fight against the representatives of the only and indivisible Spain.

The soldiers, enlisted through obligatory recruiting, left their officers in the worst moments of the struggle, permitting the assassination in mass of many of the "rebel" officers.

But to-day, as the "rebels" advance on Madrid, they face a Government virtually held prisoner by the Anarchist and Communist groups, forced to govern by decrees which are not valid unless they have the approval of these groups.

All military officers of worth and prestige, all those who tempered their souls in war and gained their places fighting in the service of Spain, are on the side of the "rebels."

The triumph of the patriots will come because they are right and because Spain needs them.

KICK OUT EDEN!

By Meriel Buchanan

WHEN I was looking through a collection of old papers the other day I came upon some articles on Mr. Eden, Mr. Baldwin's Show Boy, and could not suppress a certain rather rueful amusement at the heading: "Public Liability No. 1"—"Rome Scoffs at Mr. Eden"—"As Dangerous As Ever"—"What Will He Do?"—"Eden Must Go"—"Taking the Rap"—"It Won't Do Mr. Eden"—"Mr. Eden's Futilities."

These were only a few of the headlines taken at random from various newspapers dealing with the activities of our blundering Foreign Minister during the last year and a half of his anti-diplomatic maladministration of our Foreign Affairs.

Mr. Eden's private follies are no actual concern of ours—he has a perfect right to make a fool of himself as a private individual, but his youth and inexperience, so far as High Office is concerned, may explain but cannot excuse or condone the indiscretions and follies, largely the result of conceit and his opinion that he is a "very superior person" that have been made manifest during the short, but all too long term of his tenure of office as Foreign Secretary.

AN ABSOLUTE FAILURE

Any Foreign Minister serving under any other Government than Mr. Baldwin's so-called National Government, would have resigned and thus saved the necessity of being called upon to do so when his policy had proved such an absolute failure as Mr. Eden's policy of Sanctions, which he sponsored so ardently. On June 15th of the present year we find, for example, an article in the *Evening News* which makes no bones about it. "Mr. Eden," it states, "Is British Sanctionist No. 1. Sanctions put him into the Foreign Office and the abandonment of Sanctions as a blunder should put him out." And yet, five months later Mr. Eden still controls the Foreign Office, still directs our Foreign Policy, and **ENGLAND, WHICH CALLS ITSELF A FREE COUNTRY, HAS TO SUFFER THIS INEFFICIENT YOUNG MAN'S DIRECTION, AND THE FATE OF A GREAT EMPIRE STILL LIES IN THOSE INADEQUATE AND INDISCREET HANDS.**

Lord Rothermere has described our Foreign Policy as "fussy" and "fretful" and has said that our Foreign Minister requires "a new mind and a new heart," but the truth is that as long as Mr. Eden controls the Foreign Office the foreign policy of England will continue to provide convenient amusement for other great countries. From the very first Mr. Eden has shown a curious and incomprehensible, not to say mysterious predilection for the tainted friendship of Soviet Russia, for Stalin and that criminal intriguer Litvinoff and an equally strong antipathy for the two great men,

Mussolini and Hitler. It may be that they are the bushel which hides his light. **Since Mr. Eden came into office England has drawn appreciably nearer to Soviet Russia and he has surpassed himself in alienating Germany and Italy and refusing every offer of friendship made by Mussolini and Hitler.**

What strange inconsistencies dominate our Foreign Minister! During the Italo-Abyssinian War he denounced the use of poison gas and expressed his horror of the killing of women and children, but yet during the Spanish Civil War he has kept suspiciously silent and has made no comment about the tales of the Red atrocities on women and children. It should be remembered that these women and children are white and Christians and are tortured and butchered by the devils of Moscow. Is Mr. Eden not moved to any pity or compassion for their sufferings? Why has he not in this case espoused the cause of those who are weak and helpless and innocent?

He has begged General Franco to desist from bombarding Madrid and spare the civilian population, but he has not remonstrated with the Red Government for the horrible cruelties that have been perpetrated by their armed militia, many of whom are criminals, robbers and murderers, specially released from prison and provided with guns and other weapons by the orders of the Red Ministers, obeying the dictates of Moscow.

EXPLANATION OVERDUE

The question is still being asked and so far has never been answered as to what Mr. Eden did when he went to Moscow in the spring of 1935. He had long and apparently amicable conversations with Stalin and his murderous confederates in the Kremlin, but when he returned to England he was declared to be so ill, as a result of a very stormy journey back home, as to be quite unable to discuss business or answer any questions as to his visit to Russia, and retired for a long rest in the country.

In this way he evaded the questions which would inevitably have been put to him in Parliament, and when he had diplomatically (the last word I should connect with Mr. Eden) recovered, the Jubilee Festivities were in full swing and the matter was shelved and has remained shelved ever since.

Is it not time that Mr. Eden gave a report and explanations of his activities in Moscow and repudiated certain rumours which I have heard repeated in various quarters of secret arrangements which tie his hands and prevent his adopting the only sane and right policy for this country, namely an alliance with Germany and Italy and breaking off all ties with that ghetto of criminals and murderers, Soviet Russia?

Eve In Paris

THE tragic event which took place on November 18th at Lille may have grave repercussions throughout France.

It was at first announced that the Mayor of Lille, M. Salengro, Minister of the Interior, had been found dying in his home from a heart seizure, but this fiction was soon abandoned. Salengro's was a suicide's death. The unhappy man had taken veronal, turned on the gas, and expired seated in the chair where his wife had passed away, over a year ago.

Hearing the news M. Blum rushed up to Lille, and found a letter from Salengro, stating that he had taken his life, weary of the campaign of calumny carried on against him.

Roger Salengro referred to the attacks made by various newspapers, notably *Gringoire*, which continued to brand him as a deserter (although he had been acquitted of the charge by military authorities), and demanded a new trial. Having been instrumental in dissolving the Nationalist Societies, the Minister had many enemies, determined on full examination of his past.

His suicide has roused party feeling to fury. The *Populaire* in huge letters affirming "Ils l'ont tué," declaring the "infamous rag" of the Chiappe family, and the "ignoble Carbussia" (Director of *Gringoire*) are guilty of the Socialist Minister's death. The printers, by their Union's orders, refused to print the next issue of *Gringoire*, and many hundreds demonstrated before the offices of *Le Jour* and *Le Figaro*, smashing the windows of the latter newspaper.

"Never since the War, has the situation been so grave," says the *Petit Parisien*. At present France resembles ancient Rome, "When all were for the Party and none were for the State." M. de Kerrilis, in the *Echo de Paris*, blames M. Blum for the present crisis. "One does not choose a Minister arraigned before a Military Tribunal," he remarks.

* * *

THE loss of the Marquise d'Ornano, who passed away this summer, will be felt when her friends reassemble in Paris. A charming hostess, she entertained largely in her fine apartment filled with treasures near the Etoile, in her opera-box, and at the Ritz. Rarely leaving home she was one of the few moderns not possessed by what the French call "la bougeotte"—the craze for change of scene. A Greek by birth, she had inherited a huge fortune, and married a Corsican of ancient family. Widowed and childless she left much to charity, and remembered many friends in her will, dividing her splendid jewellery among them and members of her family, as mementoes of her affection. Unfortunately, she failed to realise the enormous sums levied by Government on such bequests, and regretfully, numbers she desired to benefit, unable to pay the death duties, have been compelled to refuse their legacies.

THERE have been many changes lately in the theatrical world. M. Fabre has, after more than twenty years' service, resigned his post as director of the Comédie Française, and re-entered the House of Molière as a playwright, with "La Rabouilleuse"—a brilliant success, which makes the public regret the author should ever have abandoned his career as dramatist for an onerous and thankless task.

"La Rabouilleuse" (meaning fisher-girl of *Ecrevisses*) is founded on the novel by Balzac, "Un Ménage de Vieux Garçon," a work of genius, yet showing the worst faults of the writer, badly constructed, and prolix. Emile Fabre, with his profound knowledge of the stage, has evolved from this material a drama which rivets the attention, and, while making innumerable changes, has managed to preserve the characteristics, and essentials of Balzac's writing, remaining true to the spirit of the revered master.

M. Fabre's successor at the Comédie Française is M. Edouard Bourdet, author of the delightful comedies which drew all Paris to the Michaudière and provided rôles in which the incomparable Victor Boucher triumphed.

Who will fill Bourdet's empty place? Perhaps Guitry, whose next play may be given at the Michaudière, when "Fric-Frac" ends a long run.

Historical plays continue in favour. The last is "Napoléon Unique," by Paul Raynal, which deals with the crisis of the Emperor's divorce, the three acts taking place on the day he determines to part with Joséphine.

Henri Rollan as Napoleon has a magnificent but very difficult part, some of his monologues lasting as much as twenty minutes. M. Copeau gives a masterly rendering of Fouché, who has just deserted the cause of Joséphine, and urges her to submit. Joséphine is represented by Annie Duclos, too young and pretty to convey the pathos attached to a faded woman of 48, seeking to exert a waning influence.

Madame Mère is admirably played by Vera Sergine, a favourite long absent through illness, who, finding her dressing-room massed with flowers by her admirers, exclaimed laughingly, "They must think it is the day of my funeral!"

* * *

THE Franco-American Committee celebrated the 25th anniversary of M. Philippe Roy's mission in France with a banquet in honour of the Canadian Minister and Mrs. Roy.

Many diplomats were present and other notable persons, including M. Millerand, former President of the French Republic; M. Flandin, former President of the Council, and Madame Flandin; the Duc de Broglie, the Duc de la Force, Academicians; General Gouraud; Marquis de Montcalm, and others.

THE KING AND HIS FLEET

By Periscope

"I CONGRATULATE you all." Those were the final words of the signal which King Edward VIII made to his fleet after having spent an arduous two days in inspecting its ships and men at Portland.

Those words were of far greater import to the officers and men of the Home Fleet than the next signal—"Splice the Main Brace." The reason lay both with the men and with the King. The men had striven for smartness and cleanliness under difficult conditions—made even more difficult by the succession of gales which had come up ever since the Home Fleet ships cast anchor at Portland. And then, as the culmination of all this labour, the King came to visit them as their Monarch and as their youngest Admiral of the Fleet.

The sailor is a queer blend of sentimentalist and cynic, but above all he is a realist. The men of the fleet realised that the King had had a gruelling day before his arrival at Portland—it had been Armistice Day, and he had been at the Cenotaph in the morning, at Westminster Abbey and at the Albert Hall at night, had caught a midnight train to Portland which had landed him in tempest at 4 a.m. They realised, as no landman can ever realise, just how tiring it is to climb on board ship after ship and to inspect men, mess decks, and weapons.

Three battleships, an aircraft carrier and three cruisers. That was the tale of the first day, and there was a visit to shore establishments into the bargain. At night a dinner party, then a concert, then an officers' "at home." Back to the Royal Yacht long after midnight, only to be again about

the round of inspections early next morning.

The extent of the programme and the manner in which the King carried it out went straight to the hearts of the men. Not for an instant in all that long round of inspections did his attention flag. He spotted badges, medal ribbons, faces. Every comment he made was seamanlike and to



The King inspects his Navy

the point. Wet through himself, he thought of the men who were wet and gave orders that they should be got under cover with a minimum of delay. Inspecting men under weeping skies, he disdained a waterproof because the men were fallen in without waterproofs.

A SAILOR SPEAKS

At the lower deck concert in the hangar of the aircraft carrier *Courageous* he entered into the spirit of the men. In the interval he led the singing of "Tipperary" and other well-known tunes. And he said a few words to the men—words which

struck home to every one of them for the simple reason that he spoke to sailors as a sailor—to men as a man. Small wonder that the cheers which rolled over the water as he left the Fleet held a spontaneity rare in these days of reserve!

It was a very successful visit. Yet there were two things which were wrong—one small, one big.

It was noticed by every man that, whereas the King would not wear a waterproof while inspecting men in the rain, Sir Samuel Hoare, First Lord of the Admiralty, wore his. A small thing, but sailors take note of small things, and in this **THEY SAW THE REAL DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE POLITICIAN AND THE MONARCH.** The one lives at his own comfort, treating those beneath him as pawns in a diabolical game, while the other lives for others, as an example and as a man who shares the joys and afflictions of his people.

AN UNWORKABLE SYSTEM

And then there was the Fleet Air Arm. The King knew what the Navy thought about the present system of dual control, knew that efficiency could only be achieved by the Air Arm becoming the sole property of the Admiralty. Apparently he wished to find out just how far this feeling had bitten into the hearts of those officers who, by reason of their loyalty, are committed to striving to make an unworkable system efficient. For this reason the King asked certain questions. They, and their answers, were illuminating.

Seeing some aircraft in the hangar of H.M.S. *Courageous*, he asked how old they were. **THE REPLY WAS THAT, JUDGING BY THE STANDARDS OF ANY NATION BUT ENGLAND, THEY WERE DEFINITELY OBSOLETE.** He asked more questions about some aircraft in that hangar, to be told that they were derelicts—machines which could not be got rid of because they could not fly. He heard an officer remark that unless the Admiralty had full control of the Fleet Air Arm for at least two years before a war the Air Arm, which should be one of the greatest assets to a Navy, would only be an inefficient embarrassment to the naval commander.

The King went back to London. One may be sure that he remembered this blot of the Fleet Air Arm upon the general efficiency and "happiness" of the fleet. It was, perhaps, due to this that two or three days later it became known that the control of the Fleet Air Arm was eventually to be vested in the Admiralty.

Yet in this announcement there is hedging. It appears that Sir Thomas Inskip, the Baldwinian toady, would be sorry to see the change of control take place at present.

Why, when it is obvious to any thinking man or woman that efficiency of defence can only be



During the inspection, the men were fallen in without waterproofs, although there was torrential rain. His Majesty disdained a waterproof; but the First Lord of the Admiralty, as the picture shows, was well wrapped up. The men noticed the difference between King and politician.

achieved by the change-over and when such a change-over has apparently been recommended by the Committee of Imperial Defence? And why, moreover, when it is perfectly clear that delay can only lead to inefficiency and the putting off of the time when we can say that we are secure?

ANOTHER BALDWIN BLUNDER

The reason is not far to seek. The man who has steadfastly set his face against the control of the Fleet Air Arm by the Admiralty is Mr. Stanley Baldwin. Over and over again he has said that the Admiralty shall not have control. It must not be forgotten that Mr. Baldwin has stood at the table in the House of Commons and admitted that he was wrong—hopelessly wrong—on several occasions in the past months.

To do so again would shatter the last remnants of confidence which a gullible and long-suffering public reposes in him. Therefore there must be delay in this matter which vitally affects the security of the British Empire. Therefore Inskip must delay matters—at least for some months, so that Mr. Stanley Baldwin may be in the position of Prime Minister at the time of the Coronation.



LORD LLOYD

(Continued from front cover)

In a speech, every phrase of which flayed the complacency of the Government, LORD HALSBURY denounced the idea that in a few months Britain, under the Government programme, would be made safe in the air.

"There is not a chance of it in a few months or a few years," he cried. "Furthermore, with foreign countries increasing their production at the rate at which they are as against us, increasing the types of machines, getting them bigger and better than ours, we shall be, at the end of two years, in a very much worse position than we are to-day.

DARK SHADOWS

"I don't understand it. We are told that the Government has a shadow organisation for manufacture.

"What for!" he demanded, and commented ironically: "A shadow Air Force by a shadow Government, or what? There must be some sort of alteration. These times are too serious to let the matter go on like this, with talk, talk, talk the whole time and no action at all.

"In present circumstances we must have re-armament without delay.

"That being so, you would have thought that the Government would have made for that without hesitation and would have done its best to see that re-armament was carried out with all speed.

"THAT IS NOT BEING DONE. LORD SWINTON CONFESSED AS MUCH. WHAT

What the House thinks



THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

HE SAID WAS THAT HE HAD GOT A SCHEME WHICH HE THOUGHT WAS BETTER BECAUSE IT WOULD NOT INTERFERE WITH CIVIL INDUSTRY.

"Dare he tell us that it is not necessary? Dare he ask the public to believe that it is not necessary?"

GULLED

In a bitter allusion to Mr. Baldwin's "appallingly frank" speech, Lord Halsbury said:

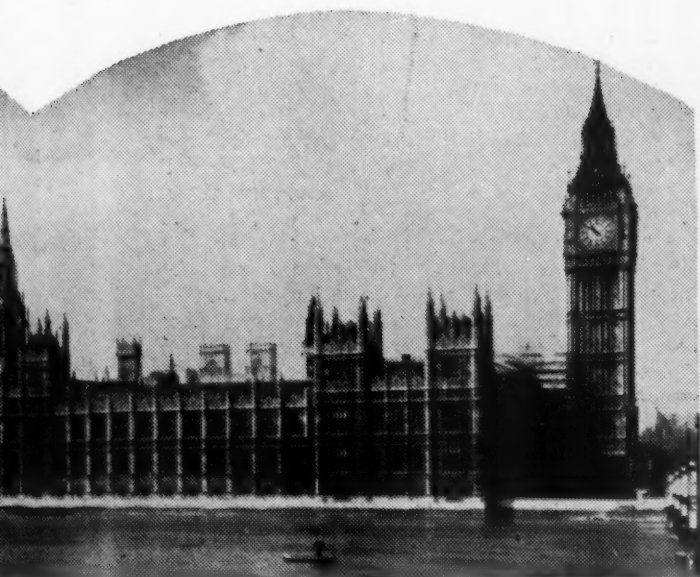
"THE PUBLIC WAS TOLD IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS ONLY LAST WEEK THAT IT HAD BEEN GULLED BY THIS GOVERNMENT. DOESN'T IT THINK THAT POSSIBLY IT MAY BE GULLED AGAIN."

In this country, Lord Halsbury declared, there was not, and never had been, any air organisation



EARL STANHOPE

House of Lords links



SEES OF PARLIAMENT

for research, outside the research of private firms. An expert who had toured Europe recently had stated that he was astonished at the wonderful work which was being done in the research laboratories on the air question in Russia, Germany, Italy and France.

It showed the exact way in which aircraft would develop in the next two years. The result was that they were laying down at once machines which would make all their present machines obsolete.

INADEQUATE

"The programme which has been put forward is far too small. Furthermore, it is not properly thought out for the requirements of this country." In that programme nothing was to be done at all for manufacturing the heavy bomber, which was the most important of all aircraft to-day.



EARL STANHOPE



EARL OF HALSBURY

"Our longest-distance bomber has not a chance of getting to Berlin or Rome, but both Germany and Italy have machines which could get to London quite easily."

LORD LLOYD, in a biting speech, declared that, "No Prime Minister has ever led England into such peril so unprepared as we are to-day."

"Mr. Baldwin pleaded that he could not act because he had no mandate. I absolutely refuse to accept that novel and un-English doctrine of mandate," said Lord Lloyd.

LIBEL ON THE PEOPLE

"If Mr. Baldwin knew the dangers in 1933 after the Fulham by-election, surely it was his first duty to go on the platform and educate the public by telling them of the dangers, and not to blame the people for being reluctant to follow him. I believe that is the greatest libel on the people of this country anybody could make."

LORD STRABOLGI closed the debate with the following words:—

"There is something we need much more than armaments, and that is leadership. We are a lion-hearted people, and we do deserve something better than sheepish leadership."

TO QUOTE NAPOLEON AGAIN—
"BETTER AN ARMY OF DONKEYS WITH A LION TO LEAD THEM, THAN AN ARMY OF LIONS LED BY AN ASS."

The Darkening Sky

By Robert Machray

IT was always very much on the cards that the Spanish War would produce the most far-reaching and dangerous repercussions in Europe. From the beginning of the struggle it was clear that the sympathy and support of Red Russia were given to the Spanish Reds, and that Germany and Italy as strongly favoured the anti-Reds. To obviate a collision between those Great Powers, France proposed and our Government accepted a policy of non-intervention, an agreement to that effect was drawn up and signed by the interested States, and a committee was set up for the application of the agreement. The committee is still in existence, and its meetings have been the scene of more violent invective than was ever heard before in a diplomatic setting.

Charges and counter-charges were pressed with the utmost vehemence at those meetings by the Soviet Ambassador on one side and, on the other, by the Italian Ambassador and the German representative. Six weeks ago or so, M. Maisky told the committee that the Soviet would cancel its pledge of non-intervention, because other States, meaning Germany and Italy, were not keeping their pledges—though there was precious little doubt that the Soviet was not keeping its pledge either. Meanwhile, the fortune of war turned more and more decidedly to the anti-Reds, whose forces under the leadership of General Franco were concentrated in an attack on Madrid.

Nearing Flash-Point

Madrid put up a stubborn fight, its Reds having unquestionably received a considerable amount of *matériel* from outside sources, notably Russian. Last week, when Madrid was still holding out, Italy and then Germany announced their recognition of the anti-Red Government of Franco, and simultaneously Franco stated that he would blockade Barcelona, the port whence the Reds draw their supplies from abroad. The example of Italy and Germany was and will be followed by other States. Hence arises an extremely difficult, not to say perilous, situation in the Mediterranean.

As usual, the Government hack-Press tries to minimise and understate the gravity of the position, yet the plain truth is that the international situation, which in all conscience was sufficiently tense already, now approaches flash-point, and an explosion may occur at any moment. We live in a time when political events of the greatest importance do not so much as occur, but precipitate themselves one after the other with astounding rapidity. One day Herr Hitler brings off a "Waterways Coup," which tears another big hole in the Versailles Treaty; almost at the same time Hungary, supported by Italy and Austria, demands "equality of rights" with

respect to her Army, and tears a hole in the St. Germain Treaty.

Under such pressure the perturbed and perplexed statesmen of Europe flit from capital to capital in the vain quest for peace and security, and conference follows conference. Until recently the continuing crisis centred in the Peace Treaties, especially that of Versailles. In some quarters it was said after Hitler's latest blow that that treaty had ceased to exist, but this is a bad mistake, for its territorial clauses still stand, and remain full of menace, as the future will assuredly show. Signor Mussolini has often been eloquent on revision. But of late the venue, so to speak, has shifted, the emphasis being placed on the antagonism between Fascism and Communism—an "ideological" conflict, which looks like involving practically the whole of the Continent. And more than the Continent, as the anti-Soviet Agreement just concluded by Germany and Italy now extends to and covers Japan.

Attack from the Air

We see, then, a darkening sky. And what of England, with her world-wide Empire, interests and obligations? What of England, the richest prize on earth and the worst-defended? Her present state is such as to make even a Socialist—Lord Ponsonby—say that the Empire, "Open to the menace of attack from the air and simultaneous attack on its vital communications, is in a more dangerous position than it had been for the last two hundred years." After this perfectly true statement, he added, "The only people who do not seem to be talking about this are the people of this country."

Most unfortunately, it is the case that there are still great numbers throughout these islands who do or will not understand the deadly peril in which the country is placed. For years after the War the hegemony of France kept Europe more or less tranquil and England secure. It was during that time that pacifism, the ideas of the League of Nations, and international sentimentalism overspread England, and like a poison did an infinity of harm. When France lost her hegemony, the situation changed absolutely.

Our so-called statesmen, who should have been on the alert, and whose business it was before everything else, failed to do their manifest duty, which was to tell the people what had taken place; they did nothing of the kind. Their mentality can be judged by Mr. Baldwin's exhibition of "appalling frankness" the other day. No wonder recruits do not come forward. What is wanted to-day in England is a tremendous change in the minds of her people; they will have to become Army-minded, and the Army must become an ideal commanding their hearts' devotion.

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A Wild Ventriloquist

By Dan Russell

WHERE he came from nobody knew. When he arrived nobody could say. It is almost certain that he came under cover of the night, but where exactly he was and what he was doing no one could say. But he *was* there, for if you wandered up to the field of ripening corn on the hillside you would suddenly become aware of a sound. At one moment all would be silent, save perhaps for the trilling of a skyward lark, then the next moment you would be aware that something—somewhere—was making a noise.

It was not loud and it was not attractive, but its peculiar pitch forced it upon the ear. But where was it? At one moment you could swear it was here. The next instant it was there, two hundred yards away. It was in front of you, behind you, all round you. You could not be certain whether one creature or a host was calling in that cornfield. You could be sure of nothing save that somewhere in the stems of corn something was uttering a cry like the sharpening of a scythe.

Ghostly Reapers

Not only during the daylight did that sound persist. The moon heard it when all else was silent. The low flying owl heard it, and perhaps he knew it for what it was. It was as though the ghosts of the old harvesters had returned to the land and were laying their whetstones along the blades of their spectral scythes. "Wheep-wheep," it went, "wheep-wheep, wheep-wheep," as though the ghostly reapers were preparing to fell the unripened corn. It was all the more uncanny because, except for the sound, no one would have guessed that the author of it was there at all, and it made one wonder how many more peculiar creatures there were which lived in the woods and fields and which did not betray their presence by such a continuous calling.

It was only a bird. A smallish bird with long, stilty legs. His plumage was buffish grey with brown spots to each feather. His wings were a dull reddish brown. His underparts were grey with yellowish tints. His big head was set on a very long neck. He was about the size of a partridge. He was a corncrake or land rail. The reason that his presence was undetected was that he very seldom flew. Those long legs of his carried him over the ground at such a speed that when he was running he looked more like some small mammal than a bird. Also he had a genius for skulking among the stems of corn so that it was almost impossible to see him. He would stand absolutely motionless with his beak pointing skyward, and he blended so well with his surroundings that even the keenest eye would have passed him by. It was only his harsh, ventriloquial croaking which gave him away.

He found a mate in that field of corn, and soon after he met her he ceased his monotonous calling. They made their nest there in a hollow on the ground and lined it with a few scattered feathers. There the female laid eight whitish eggs which were spotted with splashes of red. There their chicks were hatched and bred. They lived quite happily in their sanctuary, creeping like feathered rats between the cornstems. The hot summer months went by and the corn ripened. The hay was cut and carried to the ricks.

Soon after it was the turn of the corn. Men came and cut round the edges with scythes, and the next day came the reaper to clatter round the field. Round and round it went until only a small island of standing grain was left. The rabbits began to bolt and were chased and knocked over. An old fox waved his brush in derision as he made for the open country. Rats and mice ran hither, but of the corncrakes there was no sign. With the genius of their kind they had skulked unseen down the ditch into the clover field a few hundred yards away. There they prepared to stay.

They were quite happy and unmolested in the clover, but as the days went by the chicks became independent and wandered off on their own. The leaves turned to copper and the first slight frosts began to silver the land. The corncrake began to think of moving on, for he wintered with the sun in the Mediterranean.

An Old Trick

But before he went a party of sportsmen arrived to shoot over the clover field. They had already shot the stubble of the cornfield with good result. They formed into line and began to walk over the clover. Suddenly one of the dogs, an old and wise retriever, began to feather. Backwards and forwards he went until at last he found the line. Then he dashed forward at such a speed that the men thought it must be a mammal, since no bird could stand such a hustling without rising.

All at once the dog made a snatch and trotted back to his master with a brown bird in his mouth. It looked dead, although the dog was so tender-mouthed that he could carry an egg without breaking it. They thought it must have died of fright. A covey of partridges rose, and the owner of the dog turned to fire. When he looked round again the corncrake was not there. He was three hundred yards away, running swiftly down the ditch. He had made use of the old ruse of the corncrakes—to sham death when in peril.

But that night the clover field saw the last of him. In the spring he had come from afar to mate and rear his brood. The summer was done, so he spread his wings and flew south, far, far away to where the sun was shining by the blue waters of the southern sea.

NEW BOOKS I CAN RECOMMEND

Mixed Grill

By the Literary Critic

RECENT years have witnessed the publication of several notable books on the history of exploration, but Mr. Lowell Thomas has found a means of supplementing their record by picking on a few names that have hitherto received less attention than they seem to merit ("The Untold Story of Exploration," Harrap, illustrated, 8s. 6d.).

Thus we are given the adventures of, among others, the famous Chinese explorer, Chang K'ien; of the "First Robinson Crusoe," Joan Fernandez, the esquire of Prince Henry the Navigator; and of the Elizabethan sailor, Will Adams, the "two-sworded Samurai," whose memory is still kept green in Japan.

And the stories, as Mr. Lowell Thomas sets them out, make fascinating reading.

Idealism and its Bath of Blood

History goes on repeating itself in the criminal follies of humanity.

Idealism and its catchwords are as much to the fore to-day as they were in the era of the French Revolution a century and a half ago, and the result in certain areas of Europe is what it was then: a bath of blood filled to overflowing by the wholesale slaughter of the opponents of fanatical doctrine.

It was the Jacobins who produced the dogma of the French Revolution to guide it along its path.

They began, as Mr. Evarts S. Scudder points out in his illuminating and lively account of their progress ("The Jacobins," Arthur Barker, 12s. 6d.), mildly enough, with the pronouncement of the most benevolent intentions.

The little Breton Club, meeting in a small Versailles café, saw the modest start of a political group—"the freest forum of opinion in the world"—that was later to expand into the Society of the Friends of the Constitution and then into the Jacobin Club, so-called because it was housed in a Jacobin convent.

As the organisation expanded, so its fanaticism increased and the high principles of Liberty and Fraternity took on a strange and sinister significance.

In the sacred cause of Liberty *la sainte Guillotine* demanded a large and constant supply of victims, and true brotherliness eventually decreed that the Revolution should "eat its own children."

By the irony of Fate the Sea-Green Incorruptible himself was reserved for the most miserable part of all in the last scene of horror that rang down the curtain on the Terror and put an end to the Jacobin Club. This is how Mr. Scudder describes the scene:—

The immense crowd was in festive mood For more than half an hour he (Robespierre) lay in a state

of semi-consciousness, hearing the thud of the knife and the cries of the People to whom he had appealed so often in terms of virtue and of liberty. At last Samson strapped him to the plank. Before he pushed him forward under the knife he stooped down and ripped the bandage from his shattered jaw. A shriek of agony broke from him which was heard all over the square, and was drowned in a mighty roar as the knife fell.

Prince Rupert

Two biographies of Prince Rupert were published last year, but one may still welcome yet another since it contains a great deal of fresh information regarding a romantic and highly versatile historical figure—one who was in turn a great cavalry leader, a pirate, scientist, artist, Admiral and sportsman too, being a champion shot with a pistol and the best tennis player of his day.

This new work is entitled "Rupert of the Rhine: The Pirate Prince" (Hutchinson, illustrated, 18s.).

The author, Mr. George Edinger, in addition to describing adequately Prince Rupert's career as a Cavalier commander in the Civil War, and his later exploits as Restoration Admiral and "a great Parliament man," devotes special attention to intervening periods in which the Prince carried on piratical warfare against the Commonwealth and then proceeded to participate in a war against Sweden before settling down to his scientific experiments.

Rupert, in the last twenty years of his life became more and more anglicised as was perhaps befitting the favourite child of an English Princess, the once much-loved "Queen of Hearts."

Sophia of Hanover

His sister Sophia, on the other hand, remained to the end of her days typically German, her whole life, in the words of her biographer, Mr. F. E. Baily ("Sophia of Hanover and Her Times," Hutchinson, illustrated, 18s.), being "governed by her drilling in the Heidelberg Catechism and her discipline in the etiquette of the German Courts."

Yet it is Sophia rather than her brilliant brother who is the more important individual from the point of view of English history. For it was through her that the Hanoverians came to the English throne.

Had she survived Anne, Mr. Baily believes she might have proved herself as a Sovereign worthy of comparison with Victoria since she had much in common with that great Queen.

An intriguing speculation which Mr. Baily does something to justify by the portrait he presents of a virtuous, shrewd woman.

RACING

Should Races Start Late?

By David Learmonth



"Royal Ascot" leads the field over the second fence in the Cheltenham Handicap Steeplechase. "Macauley" won.

RATHER an interesting point arose last week, whether a race-course is justified in putting back the time of a race except on account of fog or other unsuitable weather conditions.

It happened that the special race train from London to Cheltenham arrived nearly half an hour late; so the executive put back the time of the first race ten minutes in order to allow the public to reach the course before it was run.

The result was that what might have been a very pretty starting price *coup* over Glomiana in the second race was spoilt. The race started late and the money which had been placed with the offices got back to the course by means of the "blower" before the off. The effect was to make Glomiana's price, which stood at ten to one, shorten rapidly until no better than four to one was obtainable, which is all her connections will get to their money.

In this particular case it is difficult to see what else the stewards could do, as the starter, Mr. L. Firth, was among those who travelled by the special. The horses could hardly have despatched themselves, and very possibly no other licensed starter was available. Whether stewards are justified in putting back a race solely in order to benefit the public is, however a matter about which there might be two opinions.

It can be argued with a good deal of justification that it is the public who pay to see racing and contribute to the prizes and that, although the race-course is not responsible for the unpunctuality

of the railway, the time of arrival of the special trains is obviously fixed after negotiations between the two bodies and, therefore, the public would expect the race-course to put back the first event a reasonable time in case of such a misadventure.

Those who have had starting price bets, however, might well think that they had a grievance. They might argue that since the race was advertised to start at a certain time, it should start at that time if it were humanly possible to arrange that it should do so, and should not be put back for the sake of some people who happened to be travelling by a certain train.

Be that as it may, there seems little reason why, because the first race on the programme happens to be late, all the other races should be late as well. Glomiana's race was the second on the card, yet was started some nine minutes after the proper time. The first two events were scheduled to take place half an hour apart. Surely it would have been possible to run them twenty minutes apart and so start the second one up to time? After all, although there were twenty-two runners in this event, it should have been possible to have got them through the scales soon enough, particularly as a great many of them could have been weighed out before the first race was over.

Another Coup Fails

But the programme never caught up to time. There was another attempt to land a starting price *coup* over Bibury in the last race of the day. One would have thought that things would have been straightened out by then; but not a bit of it. The money got back to the course just as it had done in the case of Glomiana, and the price of Bibury was eventually returned at five to two.

Those who have raced in France, where no one seems to have the slightest regard for time, have probably felt a sense of superiority when reflecting on the great punctuality of English racing. It seems a pity that at Cheltenham greater efforts were not made to rectify what was probably unavoidable in the first instance.

Mention of France reminds me that the rush of owners to transfer their interests to England continues. The spirit of Communism has invaded the racing stables there, and the lads have been making impossible demands.

Any prospect of a race between Lawson and Boyd-Rochfort for the premier position as trainer has long disappeared, and Manton are certain to head the list. It is a well-deserved triumph, though it is only a repetition of many earlier ones, for the stable has been unlucky on a good many occasions, and had fortune smiled in her very best manner there is no doubt that Lawson would have won considerably more in stakes than he actually has and might even have come near to a record figure.

**We invite our readers
to write to us express-
ing their views on
matters of current
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WHAT OUR R

Correspondents who wish their letters published in the following issue are requested to arrange for them to reach us as early as possible.

The Changes of Churchill

SIR,—It is a little difficult to understand the reason why Mr. Winston Churchill, the one-time diehard, has now turned into such a warm admirer of that decaying institution, the League of Nations. His whole realistic temperament, one would have imagined, would be divorced from such make believe.

However, the ultra-National seems to have thrown away his perversity, and is apparently all in with our Foreign Secretary in a wild goose chase after collective security. Mr. Churchill, it may be noted, was a guest of Mr. Eden's at a small and select luncheon party recently to the Polish Foreign Minister.

Can it be rooted distrust of Germany and love of France which has caused such a strange metamorphosis? Surely the prospect of a seat in the Cabinet as a reward for good behaviour has nothing to do with it? Some of us remember Mr. Churchill's quick changes in the past and wonder what is coming next.

A.C.P.

London, W.1.

A Splendid Christmas Present

MADAM,—

I find your *Saturday Review* a wholesome antidote to the dope ladled out by the Ministerial Press which makes out that some of the sand-blind ostriches, e.g., Baldwin, Eden and Runciman, who misrule us in the miscalled National Government, can do no wrong.

I post my copy regularly to relations in the West Indies and beg to suggest to your readers that an excellent present for relations and friends overseas is a year's subscription to the *Saturday Review*, posted direct from headquarters to them abroad.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Guildford, Surrey.

Good will Out

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

It is grand to know that your truly British paper is increasing so vastly its circulation.

I hope that by some means your paper gets through to Germany and Italy, so that they may know that they are truly represented by at least one paper in England, and your great and splendid work appreciated.

"JUMIDAHOW."

London, S.W.5.

Telling the World

MADAM,—

On the 22nd ult., as I was leaving Waterloo Station on my way to Southampton to embark for America, I very fortunately got that week's issue of your very fine *Review*, and upon reaching America I determined to inform myself about the "Red Menace" through the medium of your publication. The Communistic peril will probably be greater or less in a year or two's time, but it is my ardent hope that it may be less. I certainly think your attitude is correct about it.

Perhaps time alone will tell whether your statesmen are wise or foolish in their flirting attitude with Moscow; but the indications are that this evil from Russia is boring in everywhere. By its success England stands to lose as much as any country.

Both from the viewpoint of the Empire and the rest of the world, it seems to me that your attitude is the correct one—and I ardently hope that you will continue your campaign against the greatest menace that confronts the world to-day.

JOHN J. BUTLER.

Cleveland, Oswego Co.,
New York.

Soviet Mongrels

MADAM,—

When dealing with Soviet Russia, misguided politicians picture to themselves the Russians before the pre-Soviet régime, i.e., astute business men, a clever and cultivated bourgeoisie, honest and hard working yeomen (Kulaks).

When a nation has liquidated (according to official figures) nearly 5,000,000 of the pick of its population and is still in the process of "liquidating," one can well imagine the dregs left surviving. They are impossible to deal with as decent honest human beings, either politically or commercially.

To make matters worse (and this is not generally known) the present Bolshevik generation is polluted by an annual influx of Mongolians and Tartars, mostly Mongolians, amounting to 400,000 a year! What a mixture! No wonder Hitler is arming Germany against Bolshevism and the Yellow Peril.

ANTI-RED.

Wallington, Surrey.

Theatrical Sticking Plaster!

SIR,—Mr. Baldwin's "explanation" for delay in adequately arming this nation is not likely to deceive Conservative electors, and this unsealing of his lips should seal his fate.

Quite obviously, whether Mr. Baldwin's lips were stuck or unstuck, he has been guilty beyond all others in bringing the nation down to its present pass in the matter of inadequate armaments.

In 1931 thirteen millions of Conservative electors voted for right wing Conservatism as the sole antidote to two years of Socialist destructiveness. These electors sent an overwhelming majority of Conservatives back to Westminster with a definite Conservative mandate.

It is flagrantly untrue of Mr. Baldwin to say that any but a minor section of the electorate was pacifist in the sense that it was against security obtained by adequate defensive armaments. Conservative electors, and there will always be a majority of these in the country provided that their nominees implement true Conservatism, have always stood for mighty defensive armaments as the surest guarantee of peace.

It has been the so-called Conservative politicians who have, with Mr. Baldwin at their head, let the nation down, and the Cabinet off-scourings of Socialism and Liberalism have helped in the process. These politicians have always outrun each other in dissipating vast amounts for various vote-catching measures of so-called social reform; but they have never stopped to realise that, if this country were ever to be defeated owing to inadequate armaments, the £500 millions which are largely wasted upon spoonfeeding and legalised charity annually would be cut to the bone by a victorious enemy.

PHILIP H. BAYER.

58, Welbeck Street,
London, W.1.

READERS THINK

Sack This General

MADAM,—

The "Prime" Minister has seen fit to refuse recompense to General Sir H. Gough for the scurvy treatment meted to him after the retirement of the Fifth Army in 1918, a hard fought retirement forced on that gallant leader and his men by overwhelming circumstances.

May I be permitted through your columns to direct your readers' attention to another leader of a once great British Force who has not received his just reward?

Without putting up any show of fight he and his men have scuttled from the impregnable lines of Imperialism and taken up their position in the dangerous swamps of Internationalism, where they are now at the mercy of Britain's enemies internal and external.

I beg to suggest to the men at home in England that General Stanley Baldwin be immediately relieved of his command, recalled and found employment more suited to his capacity as a National Leader.

Wimbledon, S.W.20.

HARRISON WRAY.
Captain, Rtd.

Fair Play for Gough

SIR,—Mr. Baldwin's denial of reparation to General Sir Hubert Gough is another instance of his utter futility as the leader of the Nation. Apparently it doesn't matter to the Prime Minister that this good soldier's name and reputation have been smirched for so many years.

So long as these ideas prevail in Downing Street how can we expect our country to be other than under a cloud? Mr. Lloyd George recently recognised what all those who served in the 5th Army knew in March, 1918.

M. A. S. STURT, Major.
The Haven, Little Bushey Lane,
Bushey, Herts.

Baldwin's Balderdash

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

Mr. Baldwin's statement that he was afraid that if he had advocated increasing the "Defence Forces" sooner he would have lost the Election, as the Socialists and Communists would not have agreed, is sheer nonsense.

The majority of the English people are very loyal to the King and Country, and if Mr. Baldwin had long ago openly stated the reason why the increasing of the Defence Forces was absolutely necessary, he would have had practically the whole of the country behind him.

The fact of the matter is, Mr. Baldwin has been continually pampering the Socialists and Extremists and the result is the present deplorable state of affairs.

What the country wants is a strong Conservative who will loyally do his duty to the King and Country. So long as Baldwin remains the Leader, the prestige of the Country will go down more and more.

Everyone must be very grateful that in you they have a staunch and patriotic advocate who, I hope and pray, will reap the reward that you deserve.

Glendower Hotel,
S. Kensington.

S. C. WARNER.

Square Pegs

SIR,—When rationing was introduced during the War all the British firms importing fats from abroad held a meeting in London. With their knowledge of the stocks in Great Britain and what could be imported in spite of the U-boats, they arranged a scheme which would have given 2 lbs. of fats per week to all the inhabitants

of the British Isles. This scheme was put before the authorities.

Having been asked whom they could recommend to be at the head of this organisation they mentioned a partner of one of the best known firms. A few days later they were informed that the Government had appointed another man to the post. The result was 8 oz. per week instead of 2 lbs. per head per week!

The case of Lord Nuffield is identical. Red Tape and amateurs cannot stand efficiency.

C. E. PRIOR.

La Soledad, St. Jean de Luz.

The Apathy of M.P.s

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

May I congratulate you on the wonderful fight you are putting up against Bolshevism.

It may interest you to know that I recently wrote to our Member of Parliament asking him what the Government were doing about subversive Bolshevist propaganda in this country.

After waiting about two months for a reply, I received a short note enclosing a copy of the official report of Parliamentary debates which, to quote our Member, "would denote the Government's attitude regarding this matter."

The Report deals solely with the debate on the Non-Intervention Agreement and does not contain one word in answer to my question.

This, to my mind, is typical of the so-called "National" Government.

ALFRED E. GUTTERIDGE.

73, The Walk,
Potters Bar.

Surrender to Russia

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

This National Government has proved itself to be utterly incompetent in dealing with the rapid growth of Communism in Great Britain. Since the end of the Great War, the Soviet Government has spent and still continues to spend, vast sums for the distribution of Communist propaganda in this country.

Children are being taught in the schools to believe in Atheism and are told glibly that the Bible is a collection of fairy tales which have no real foundation in fact. The Red Flag, symbol of world revolution, is carried brazenly through our streets, fiery speeches are made all over the country by agents of the Comintern, exhorting the populace to rise against the so-called capitalist class and murder all those who have any claims to position, wealth, family, and culture etc.!

Religion must be abolished. Churches, including all our historic Abbeys and Cathedrals, are to be razed to the ground as in Spain!! Our existing laws governing family life, marriage, and divorce, upon which the fabric of our civilisation and social order rests, are to be relegated to the scrap heap.

Such a cowardly surrender to the Reds is probably the most unworthy chapter in British history since Ethelred the Unready attempted to buy off the Danes and failed.

We predict a similar measure of failure for Mr. Baldwin's Government in their misguided attempts to curry favour with Litvinoff and those dangerous cranks who wish to surrender the destiny of our great country to the international tricksters of Geneva.

Bromley, Kent.

IRONSIDE.

WHAT OUR READERS THINK

An Abject Spectacle

(From Sir Theodore F. Brinckman, Bart.)

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

Mr. Baldwin and his Cabinet are all equally to blame for, knowing as they must what was going on, they behaved as traitors in not making it public.

Never in the annals of Parliament has there been such an abject and pitiable spectacle as Mr. Baldwin making his extraordinary admission of being afraid to tell the British people the truth because he was afraid of losing votes. He and his colleagues have gone on from one muddle to another. What is going to be the result?

We have a weak and hopeless Prime Minister, a stupid Foreign Secretary, a weak Home Secretary afraid to put down the Reds and hooligans and deal with them as they should be dealt with.

As for the League of Nations, it never has been and it never could be anything but a menace to peace. There seem to be only two strong men in Europe who love their country, Hitler and Mussolini. They are trying to stamp out Communism and Bolshevism while Mr. Eden has as a bosom friend Litvinoff, whose hands are stained with the blood of the Tsar and his family.

THEODORE F. BRINCKMAN.

68, Brook Street,
Grosvenor Square, W.

This "Christian" Clergyman

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

It is stated in the papers that Canon (Dick) Sheppard wished to fly to Spain to approach General Franco on behalf of the hostages held by the Anti-Red forces. He seems to have taken a long while to move in the matter.

Organised murder took place some while before the Civil War and was, incidentally, the cause of it. For Communists and Anarchists were dictating to the weak Socialist Government. During the period preceding the Civil War, Nuns, Priests, and other civilians were being butchered and also hundreds of churches were being destroyed. These atrocities seem to have aroused no pity in the reverend Canon's heart; or if they did, it was not manifested.

It is difficult for ordinary mortals to follow the mind of a Super-Christian. It may have worked on the teaching of the church that revilers of Christ are less prepared to face eternity than Christians in general. Should the Anarchist Government become established then Comrades Caballero, Dimitroff (Bulgarian), Bela Kun (Jewish tailor) will indulge in an orgy of murder and torture. But, as Bela Kun aroused no indignation from our Super-Christians when he organised mass murders in Hungary to gratify his sadism, I suppose he will be given the same indulgence.

Comrade Stalin is at least honest; for he openly says that he will do away with religion in every country. One can see now why he is leaving ours to the last.

SURGEON-CAPTAIN ROYAL NAVY (Rtd.).

London, S.W.

A Briton in Spain

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

I cannot express to you the delight I felt when I read your paper for the first time, thanks to a brother who knows my strong Imperialistic views. I heartily congratulate you on your sane outlook, and hope your courageous campaign will bring forth the Leader that is necessary to preserve our heritage—the British Empire—for our children.

Living in Spain for a number of years, in close contact with the working classes, I have seen how they have been gradually poisoned by the propaganda of Red elements—Communists, Socialists, Syndicalists and Anarchists. It is either appalling ignorance or hypocrisy that still calls "Rebels" a band of Patriots who are fighting to save their country and religion from ultimate destruction.

It is sad to see that the poison is slowly doing its work in Great Britain, due to having weak men at the head of affairs. Men like Baldwin, Eden, MacDonald, Inskip, must be set aside, and men found to take their places who will carry out in the least possible time a programme of which the following points appear to me to be of paramount importance.

1. Abandon the League of Nations at once and not push our noses into other nations' affairs, unless affecting our interests.
2. Build up our Navy and Air Force. Bring in conscription for the army, all men to serve between 19 and 20 years of age, employers being forced to keep their jobs for them.
3. All schools to teach Imperialism.
4. Full protection for trade, with preference for the Empire.
5. Break off diplomatic relations with Russia.
6. Give His Majesty the King more power.
7. The strong hand in Egypt, India and South Africa.

Carry on Lady Houston and may God bless all your efforts.

Huelva, Spain.

T. L. NAYLOR.

"Absolute Tosh!"

SIR,—Lt.-General Sir Ivor Maxse, general officer commanding-in-chief, distributing prizes at St. Peter's School, York, some years ago, said it was being dinned into them now by half the Press and half the people who made speeches that a thing called the "League of Nations" could take the place of armed force.

"Don't believe it, boys," he added, "it's all tosh—absolute tosh! It suits the people who say it, for certain reasons. They hope it, and they tell you it is so. It is not so."

If he could say a word to the school it would be that they should hang on to the officers' training corps. If ever we fought again—and we should some day—we should have to put the whole Nation into it. The little nucleus of the officers' training corps was more necessary in peace time than in any other time.

E. M. P.

Headingley, Leeds, 6.

POINTS FROM LETTERS

Mr. Baldwin says he dared not tell the truth about our need for armaments in case of losing the election. Did he then extend the franchise because he knew the new electors would not do their duty?

Chelsfield, Kent.

S. GEORGE.

**

To-day the corpse of the dead League of Nations pollutes the air of Europe and in such an atmosphere the germ of Bolshevism thrives.

Sundridge Park, Kent.

H.M.F.

**

Communism gains hourly, finally to crucify our people. May your endeavours be strengthened by justice in the cause, love of the people, and hope of the future. Such is my earnest prayer.

Middlesbrough.

G. GROVE.

**

No Cabinet Minister has spoken in Camberwell for sixteen years. Eleven years is the record of Battersea, Southwark and Peckham. The National Government leaders funk this electorate of half a million voters.

Cadogan Gardens, S.W.3.

JOHN A. SETON.

THE "SATURDAY REVIEW" REGISTER OF SELECTED HOTELS LICENSED

ABERFELDY, Perthshire.—Station Hotel. Rec., 2. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. Tennis, golf, fishing, bowling.

ALEXANDRIA, Dumfriesshire.—Albert Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2/6; Din. 3/6; Fishing Loch Lomond.

AVIEMORE, Inverness-shire.—Aviemore Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 gns. to 10 gns. Golf, Private. Fishing, shooting, riding, tennis.

AYLESBURY.—Bull's Head Hotel. Market Square. Bed., 24; Rec., 4. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., £2/7/6. Garden, golf, tennis, bowls, fishing.

BAMBURGH, NORTHUMBERLAND.—Victoria Hotel. Rec., 3; Pens., 6 gns. Tennis, golf, shooting, fishing.

BELFAST.—Kensington Hotel. Bed., 76; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., Sat. to Mon., 2/6. Golf, 10 mins., 2/6.

BLACKPOOL.—Grand Hotel. H. & C. Fully licensed. Billiards. Very Mod.

BOURNE END, Bucks.—The Spade Oak Hotel. Bed., 20; Rec., 4 and Bar. Pens., 5 to 7 gns. Tennis, golf, bathing.

BOWNESS-ON-WINDERMERE.—Rigg's Crown Hotel. Pens., 5 gns. to 7 gns. Golf, 14 miles. Yachting, fishing.

BRACKNELL, Berkshire.—Station Hotel. Bed., 7; Rec., 2. Pens., from 3½ to 4 gns. W.E., Sat. to Mon., 2 gns. Golf, riding.

BRIGHTON, SUSSEX.—Sixty-six Hotel.—Bed., 33; Rec., 5. Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E., from 3½/6. Golf, 9 courses in vicinity. Tennis, bathing, boating, polo, hunting.

BROADSTAIRS, Kent.—Grand Hotel. Pens., from 5 gns. W.E., from £1 per day. Lun., 4/6; Din., 6/6. Golf, tennis, bathing, dancing.

BURFORD, OXON.—The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3; Pens., 4 gns. to 5 gns. W.E., 15/- per day. Golf, trout fishing, riding, hunting.

BURY ST. EDMUNDS, Suffolk.—Angel Hotel. Bed., 35; Rec., 2. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., 2 gns. Lun., 3/6; Din., 5/6. Golf, fishing, racing.

CALLENDER, Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Trossachs. Bed., 60/-; Pens., from 5 gns. Lun., 3/6; Din., 6/-; Golf, fishing, tennis.

CAMBRIDGE.—Garden House Hotel, nr. Pembroke College. Pens., 3½ to 5 gns. W.E., 14/- to 17/6 per day. Golf, 3 miles; boating, tennis.

CARDIFF.—Park Hotel, Park Place. Bed., 115; Rec., 4. Pens., 7 gns. W.E. (Sat. Lun. to Mon. Breakfast), 37/6. Golf.

CLOVELLY.—New Inn, High Street.—Bed., 30; Rec., 1. Pens., 5 to 6 gns. Golf, fishing, sea bathing.

CLYNDERWEN.—Castle Hotel, Maer-clochey. Pens., £2 10/-; Lun., 1/6; Din., 2/6. Golf, 12 miles away.

COMRIE, Perthshire.—Ancaster Arms Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 3. Pens., £3 10/-; W.E., 12/- per day. Tennis, golf, fishing, bowls.

CONISTON, ENGLISH LAKES.—The Waterhead Hotel. Pens., from 25 10/-; Golf, boating, putting green, tennis.

DOWNDERRY, CORNWALL.—Sea View. Bed., 9; Annex 5. Pens., from 3½ gns. W.E., from 35/-; Golf, fishing, tennis.

DULVERTON, Som. (border of Devon).—Lion Hotel. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 12/6 per day. Golf, 3 miles. Fishing, riding, hunting, tennis.

DUNDEE.—The Royal British Hotel is the best. H. & C. in all bedrooms. Restaurant, managed by Prop. Phone: 5059.

ELY, Cambs.—The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 20; Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., £2 15/-; Lun., 3/6; Din., 5/-; Boating.

FALMOUTH, Cornwall.—The Manor House Hotel, Budock Vean. Bed., 46; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 gns. to 8 gns. Golf, boating, fishing, tennis.

GLASGOW, W.2.—Belhaven Hotel, 22 to 26, Belhaven Terrace. Bed., 66; Rec., 6. Pens., from £3 5/-; Lun., 3/-; Din., 5/-; Tennis, golf.

GLASGOW, C.2.—Grand Hotel, 569, Sauchiehall St., Charing Cross. Bed., 110. Pens., 6 gns.; W.E., 18/6 per day. Tennis courts adjacent. Golf, 1/- per round.

GREAT MALVERN, Worcestershire.—Royal Foley Hotel. Bed., 32; Rec., 3. Pens., from 5 to 7 gns.; W.E., 15/- to 17/6 day. Golf, putting green.

GULLANE, East Lothian.—Bisset's Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. W.E., 14/- to 16/- per day. Tennis courts. Golf, swimming, riding, bowling.

HAMILTON, Lanarkshire, Scotland.—Royal Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3 gns. W.E., 25/-; Golf, tennis, bowls. Tel.: 164. Geo. Dodd, proprietor.

HASLEMERE, Surrey.—Georgian Hotel. Bed., 26; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 gns.; W.E., 35/- to 47/6. Tennis, golf.

HERNE BAY.—Miramar Hotel, Beltinge. Bed., 27; Rec., 2. Pens., from 4 gns. W.E., from 45/-; Golf, bowls, tennis, bathing.

ILFRACOMBE, Devon.—Mount Hotel. Pens., from 3 gns. to 5 gns.; overlooking sea. All bedrooms with H. & C. Many with private bathrooms. Tennis.

ROYAL CLARENCE Hotel, High Street. Bed., 60; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 13/6 per day. Tennis, golf, fishing, boating, bathing.

INVERARY.—Argyll Arms Hotel. Bed., 26; Pens., 6 gns. W.E., 13/- per day. Lun., 3/6; Din., 6/-; Golf, fishing, tennis.

KESWICK, English Lakes.—The Keswick Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns.; 6 gns. season. W.E., from 15/- per day. Golf, tennis, boating, bowls, fishing.

KIBWORTH.—The Rose and Crown, Kibworth, near Leicester. A.A., R.A.C., and B.F.S.S. appointed.

LOCH AWE, Argyll.—Loch Awe Hotel. Phone: Dalnallyn 6. Bed., 70; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 to 8 gns. acc. to season. Tennis, golf, fishing, boating.

LONDON.—Barkston House Hotel, 1, Barkston Gardens, S.W.5. Tel.: Fro. 2259. Pens., 2½ to 3 gns.

GORE HOTEL, 189, Queen's Gate, S.W.7. Bed., 36; Rec., 2 and cocktail bar. Pens., from 3½ gns. Tennis.

GUILDFORD HOUSE HOTEL, 56/7, Guildford Street, W.C.1. Tel.: Ter. 5530. Rec., 1. Pens., £2 10/-; Bridge.

HOTEL STRATHCONA, 25, and 26, Lancaster Gate, W.2. Bed., 36; Rec., 5. Pens., 3½ to 4½ gns. Table tennis.

SHAFTESBURY Hotel, Gt. St. Andrew Street, W.C.2. 2 mins., Leicester Sq. Tube. 250 bedrooms, H. & C. water. Room, bath, breakfast, 7/6; double, 13/6.

THE PLAZA Hotel, St. Martin's Street, Leicester Square, W.C.2. Bed., 100. Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E., £1/10/6. Lun., 3/6; Din., 4/6.

LOSSIEMOUTH, Morayshire.—Stotfield Hotel. Bed., 70; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. to £8/16/6. W.E., 36/- to 45/-; Golf, fishing, bowling, tennis.

LYNMOUTH, N. Devon.—Bevan's Lyn Hotel. Bed., 43. Pens., from 4 to 6 gns. W.E., 26/-; Lun., 3/6 and 4/-; Din., 5/6. Golf, hunting, fishing, tennis, dancing.

MORTEHOE, N. Devon.—Chichester Arms Hotel. Bed., 6; Rec., 2. Pens., £2 10/-; W.E., £1 7/-; Golf, bathing.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Central Exchange Hotel, Grey Street. Bed., 70; Rec., 9. Pens., 4½. W.E., 36/-; Golf, fishing, bathing.

OTTERBURN HALL HOTEL.—Bed., 44; Rec., 3. Pens., from 5 gns.; W.E., from 45/-; 5 hard courts. Golf on estate, fishing.

NEWTON STEWART, Wigtownshire.—Galloway Arms Hotel. Bed., 17; Rec., 5. Pens., £3 10/- to 24. Golf, fishing, bathing, bowling, tennis.

NITON, Nr. Ventnor, I.O.W.—Niton Undercliff Hotel. Bed., 17; Rec., 4; Pens., from 5 gns. W.E., from £2 5/-; Golf, bathing, fishing, tennis.

OCKHAM, Surrey.—The Hautboy Hotel. Pens., 5 gns.; W.E., £1 per day. Lun., 4/6; Tea, 1/9; Din., 6/-; Golf.

PADSTOW, Cornwall.—Commercial Hotel. Good fishing, good golf, rocks. Tel.: "Cookson," Padstow.

PAIGNTON, DEVON.—Radcliffe Hotel, Marine Drive. Bed., 70; Rec., 3; Pens., from 4 gns., from 5 to 7 gns. during season. W.E., 15/- to 18/- per day. Golf, tennis.

PERTH, Scotland.—Station Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 4; Pens., from 4 gns.; W.E., from 24/-; Lun., 3/6; Tea, 1/6; Din., 6/-; Garden.

PETERBOROUGH.—Saracen's Head Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 2. Pens., 3½ gns. W.E., 30/-; Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Tennis, fishing, boating, horse-riding.

PLYMOUTH, Devon.—Central Hotel. Bed., 40; Rec., 3; Pens., 4 to 5 gns. Golf, tennis, bowls, sea and river fishing.

PORTPATRICK, WIGTOWNSHIRE.—Portpatrick Hotel. Bed., 65. Pens., from £5 weekly. Golf, boating, bathing, tennis.

RICHMOND, Surrey.—Star & Garter Hotel.—England's historic, exquisite, romantic, social centre and Rendezvous.

RIPON, Yorks.—Unicorn Hotel, Market Place. Bed., 22. Pens., 4½/6; W.E., 35/-; Golf, fishing, bowls, tennis, dancing.

ROSS-ON-WYRE.—Chase Hotel. Bed., 28; Rec., 5; Pens., 3½ gns.; W.E., 37/6; Lunch, 2/6; Dinner, 4/-; Golf, fishing, tennis, bowls.

RYDE, I.O.W.—Royal Squadron Hotel. Bed., 20; Rec., 2. Pens., from 3½ gns. 1 minute from Pier. Golf, tennis, bowls and bathing. Cocktail bar. Fully licensed.

SALISBURY, Wilts.—Cathedral Hotel. Up-to-date. H. & C. and radiators in bedrooms. Electric lift. 'Phone: 399.

SALOP.—Talbot Hotel, Cleobury Mortimer. Bed., 7; Rec., 1. Pens., 84/-; Lun., 3/- and 3/6. Golf, Forderminster.

SCARBOROUGH, Yorks.—Castle Hotel, Queen Street. Bed., 38; Pens., £3/12/6. W.E., 21/-; Golf, cricket, bowls, bathing.

THE RAVEN HALL Hotel, Ravenscar. Bed., 59; Rec., 5; Din., 6/-; Golf, bowls, swimming, billiards, tennis, dancing.

SIDMOUTH.—Belmont Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 55; Rec., 3. Pens., 6½ to 8 gns. W.E., inclusive 3 days. Bathing, tennis, golf.

SOUTH UIST, Outer Hebrides.—Lochboisdale Hotel. Bed., 32; Rec., 7. Pens., 4 gns. Golf, 5 miles, free to hotel guests; fishing, shooting, bathing, sailing.

STOKE-ON-TRENT.—Victoria Hotel, Victoria Square, Hanley. Bed., 16; Rec., 1. Pens., £3/6/-; Lun., 2/-; Din., 3/6; Supp. acc. to requirements. Dn., golf, tennis.

STOCKBRIDGE, Hants.—Grosvenor Hotel. 'Phone: Stockbridge 9. Bed., 14; Rec., 1. Bed and breakfast, 8/6; double, 14/-; Golf, trout fishing.

STRANRAER, Wigtownshire.—Buck's Head Hotel, Hanover Street. Bed., 18; Pens., £3 10/-; W.E., 12/6 per day. Golf, tennis, fishing, swimming.

TEIGNMOUTH, Devon.—Beach Hotel, H.R.A. Promenade. Excellent position. Moderate inclusive terms. Write for tariff.

TEWKESBURY, Glos.—Royal Hop Pole Hotel. Bed., 45; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 to 6½ gns. Winter, 3 gns. Golf, fishing, boating, bowls, cricket, hockey.

TORQUAY.—The Grand Hotel. Bed., 200; Rec., 3. Tennis courts; golf, stover G.C. (free). Hunting, squash courts, miniature putting course.

HOTELS—Continued

TORQUAY.—PALM COURT Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 65; Rec., 6. Pens., from 5 to 7 gns., winter, 4 gns. W.E., from 45/- Tennis, golf, bowls, yachting, fishing.

VIRGINIA Water, Surrey.—Glenridge Hotel. Bed., 13; Rec., 3 and Bar. Pens., £1/15/6. W.E., £1/17/6. Golf, Wentworth and Sunningdale, 5/-.

WALTON-ON-NAZE.—Hotel Porto Bello, Walton-on-Naze. English catering, comfort and attention.

WARWICK.—Lord Leicester Hotel. Bed., 55; Rec., 5. Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E., Sat. to Mon., 33/- Golf, Leamington, 1½ miles. Tennis.

WINDERMERE.—Rigg's Windermere Hotel. Bed., 60. Pens., 5 to 6 gns. W.E., £2/8/6. Golf, 3/6 daily.

YARMOUTH.—Royal Hotel, Marine Parade. Bed., 35. Pens., from £3/12/6. W.E., 25/- Lun., from 3/6; Din., from 4/6. Golf, bowls, tennis, dancing.

UNLICENSED

BLACKPOOL.—Empire Private Hotel. Facing Sea. Best part promenade. H. & C. all bedrooms. Lift to all floors.

BOURNEMOUTH.—Hotel Woodville, 14, Christchurch Road. 1st Class. Chef. Tennis, beach bungalow. Garage, 45 cars.

BRIGG.—Lincolnshire. —Lord Nelson Hotel. Pens., £3 10/- Golf, 2 miles away, 2/6 per day, 7/6 per week; fishing.

BRIGHTON.—Glencoe Private Hotel, 112, Marine Parade. Facing Sea. Telephone: 434711.

BRIGHTON (HOVE).—NEW IMPERIAL HOTEL, First Avenue. Overlooking sea and lawn. Comfortable residential hotel. Lift. Central Heating, etc. Vita Sun Lounge. From 4 gns. Special residential terms.

BRISTOL.—Cambridge House Hotel, Royal York Crescent, Clifton. Every comfort. Apply prop., L. V. Palmer.

BUDE.—N. Cornwall. —The Balconies Private Hotel. Downs view. —Pens., 4 gns. each per week, full board. Golf, boating, fishing, bathing, tennis.

BURNTISLAND, Fifeshire.—Kingswood Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 2. Pens., from £3 10/- W.E., 30/- Golf, bathing, bowls.

CHELMSFORD, ESSEX.—Ye Olde Rodney, Little Baddow; Pens., 3 gns.; W.E., from 27/6 Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Golf, fishing, yachting, tennis.

CHELTENHAM SPA.—Visit the Bays-hill Hotel, St. George's Road. Central for Cotswold Tours and all amenities. Moderate. Pinkerton. Tel.: 2578.

PYATTS Hotel, Ltd. Pens., £3 13/6; W.E., £1 15/- Lun., 8/-; Din., 6/-; Golf, polo.

DAWLISH, S. Devon.—Sea View Hotel. Ex. Cuisine; every comfort. Write for Tariff. D. Bendall, Prop.

EASTBOURNE.—Devonshire Court Hotel, Wilmington Square. Bed., 15. Pens., from 3 gns.; W.E. from 10/6 per day. Golf, tennis. Winter garden.

EDINBURGH.—St. Mary's Hotel, 32, Palmerston Place.—Pens., from 4 gns. Golf, 2/6. Fishing and Tennis in neighbourhood.

FALMOUTH, S. Cornwall.—Boscawen Private Hotel. Centre sea front, facing Falmouth Bay. Illustrated handbook gratis from Res. Proprs. Phone: 141.

MADEIRA PRIVATE Hotel. Cliff Road. Bed., 58; Rec., 5. Pens., from 3 to 5 gns.; W.E., Sat. to Mon., 25/- Tennis, golf.

FELIXSTOWE, SUFFOLK.—Bracandale Private Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 4; Rec., 3. Pens., 3 to 5 gns.; W.E., 21/- to 30/- Golf, tennis, bowls, putting.

FERNDOWN, Dorset.—The Links, Wimborne Road. Bed., 11; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. to 4 gns.; W.E., 10/6 to 12/6 daily. Golf, 4/- per day (5/- Aug.-Sept.).

FOLKESTONE.—Devonshire House Hotel. Est. 34 years. Elec. light. Central Heating. No extras. Tel.: 3341.

FOLKESTONE.—The ORANGE HOUSE Private Hotel, 5, Castle Hill Avenue; 3 mins. to Sea and Leas Cliff Hall. Excellent table. "Not large but everything of the best."—34 gns. Winter, 2 gns.—Prop., Miss Sykes of the Ohio Cookery Book.

GOSWOLD, Yorkshire.—Whitfield Private Hotel. Bed., 15. Pens., 3 to 4 gns. Lunch, 2/6 and 3/6; Dinner, 4/- Golf, ½ mile. Hunting, fishing.

HASLEMERE, Surrey.—Whitwell Hatch—a Country House Hotel. H. & C. Gas fires in bedrooms. Phone: 596.

HASTINGS.—Albany Hotel. Best position on the front. 120 rooms. Telephone: 761, 762.

ILFRACOMBE.—The Osborne Private Hotel, Wilder Road. Bed., 90; Pens., 2½ to 4½ gns. W.E., 12/- per day. Golf, bowls.

CANDAR HOTEL.—Sea front, 80 bedrooms. Every modern comfort, very moderate terms. Write for brochure.

DILKUSA.—Grand Hotel. Sea Front. Cent. 110 Bed., all with H. & C. Five large lounges. Dancing, Billiards.

IMPERIAL Hotel, Promenade, facing sea. Well known. Lift. Ballroom. Pens., 3½ to 5 gns. Write for Tariff.

INVERNESS.—ARDLARICH PRIVATE HOTEL, CULDUTHIEL ROAD. Tel.: 693. Every comfort. Under personal supervision of the proprietress, Mrs. J. Macdonald.

LEAMINGTON SPA.—Alkerton Private Hotel, Binswood Avenue. Bed., 18; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Garden. Golf, half mile away. Tennis, bowls, croquet.

SPA Hotel. Bed., 33; Rec., 6. Pens., 3½ to 4½ gns. W.E., 12/6 to 13/6 per day. Golf, tennis, billiards.

LEICESTER.—Grantham, 57 & 60, Highfield Street. Pens., 3 gns. W.E., 26/6. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/- Golf, tennis.

LINCOLN.—Grand Hotel, St. Mary St. Bed., 33; Rec., 5. Pens., £3/10/- Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/- Golf.

LANGOLLEN.—Grapes Hotel; stay here for Comfort. Fishing, golf. H. & C.

LOCH-SHIEL, ARGYLL.—Ardshealach Hotel, Acharacle. Bed., 8; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., £1 10/-; Lun., 3/6; Din., 4/- G. Golf, fishing, bathing.

LONDON.—Alexandra Hotel (a quiet hotel), 21, 22 and 23, Bedford Place, London, W.C.1. Bed., 45; Rec., 3. Pens., 3 to 4 gns.; Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6.

ARLINGTON HOUSE Hotel, 1-3, Lexington Gardens, Cromwell Road, W.8. Rec., 4; Bed., 35. Pens., from 2½ to 5 gns.

ARTILLERY MANSIONS Hotel. Westminster, S.W.1. Phone: Vic. 0867 & 2003. Bed., 200; Rec., 2. S., 15/- D., 27/- Pens., 5 gns. to 8 gns.

BONNINGTON HOTEL, Southampton Row, W.C.C. near British Museum. 260 Rooms. Room, Bath and Table d'Hôte Breakfast, 8/6.

CORA HOTEL. Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1. Near Euston and King's Cross Stations. Accom. 230 Guests; Room, Bath and Table d'Hôte breakfast, 8/6.

KENSINGTON PALACE MANSIONS Hotel, De Vere Gardens, W.8. Bed., 270; Rec., 3. Pens., from 5 gns.; W.E., 21/- per day. Social Club. Squash rackets.

LADBROKE Hotel, Ladbroke Gardens, Kensington Park Road, W.11. Bed., 60; Rec., 8. Pens., 2½ to 3½ gns. Garden. Tennis.

LIDLINGTON Hotel, 7, Lidlinton Place, N.W.1. T. Mus. 8126. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2/-; Tea, 1/-; Dinner, 2/6. Garden.

MANOR HOTEL, 32, Westbourne Terrace, Hyde Park, W.2. Bed., Rec., 7. Pens., from 3½ gns. single; from 5 gns. double. Garden. Billiards.

NORFOLK RESIDENTIAL Hotel, 80/2, Kensington Gardens Square, W.2. Bays. 2801-2. J. Ralph, prop.

OLD CEDARS Hotel, Sydenham, S.E.26; Bed., 30; Rec., 2; Pens., from 3 gns. W.E., from 30/- G. Golf, within 10 mins. Billiards. Ballroom. Tennis Courts.

PALACE GATE HOTEL, Palace Gate, Kensington, W.8. Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3½ gns.; W.E., 30/-.

RAYMOND'S PRIVATE HOTEL, 4, Penbridge Villas, Bayswater, W.11. Bed., 20; Rec., 3. Pens., from 2 gns. to £2/12/6.

STANLEY HOUSE Hotel, Stanley Crescent, Kensington Park Road, W.11. Phone: Park 1108. Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., from 2½ gns.; 4 gns. double. Tennis.

SOMERS PAYING GUEST HOUSE, 55, Belaise Park Gardens, N.W.3. Tel.: Prim. 0242. Bed., 10; Rec., 1. Pens., from 3 gns. Tennis.

STRATHALLAN Hotel, 38, Bolton Gardens, S.W.5. Bed., 30. Pens., from 2½ gns. single; 5 gns. double. Billiards.

WEST CENTRAL HOTEL, Southampton Row, W.C.1. Tel.: Mus. 1400. Bed., 155; Rec., 6. Pens., 4 gns.; Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6.

WOODHALL Hotel, College Road, Dulwich, S.E.21. Bed., 14; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Golf, 2/6 per round. Garden, tennis, bridge, croquet.

LYNTON, N. Devon.—Waterloo House, Private Hotel. Bed., 16; Rec., 3. Pens., 2 gns. to £2 10/- Golf, 2 miles. Putting green, bowls, tennis. Centrally situated.

MORTEHOE, N. Devon.—Hillside Private Cottage Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 2. Pens., 2 to 3 gns.; W.E., 25/- Lun., 3/6; Tea, 1/6; Din., 4/6. Golf, riding, tennis, drag hounds.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Regent Hotel, 65-69, Osborne Road, T. Jeamond 906. Bed., 36; Rec., 3. Single from 7/6. Garden.

THE OSBORNE Hotel, Jeamond Road, Bed., 36; Rec., 3. Pens., £2/12/6; W.E., £1/7/6. Golf, bowls, tennis, cricket, billiards.

OXFORD.—Castle Hotel. Bed., 16; Rec., 3; Pens., 3½ gns.; W.E., £1/17/6; Lun., 2/-; Din., 3/-.

PHILLACK, Hayle, Cornwall.—Riviera Hotel. Near sea; golf, H. & C. water in all rooms. Recommended A.A.

SCARBOROUGH, Yorks.—Riviera Private Hotel, St. Nicholas Cliff. Bed., 37; Rec., 5. Pens., from £3/17/6; W.E., Sat. to Mon., from £1. Golf, tennis.

SHAFTESBURY, Dorset.—Coombe House Hotel. Pens., 4 to 7 gns.; W.E., 42/- to 57/- Golf, private 9-hole, 1/- per day. Tennis, putting, billiards, hunting.

SHANKLIN, I.O.W.—Cromdale Hotel, Keats Green. Bed., 14; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3½ gns. to 6 gns.; W.E., 12/- to 15/- per day. Golf, 2 miles. Tennis.

SOUTHSEA, HANTS.—Pendragon Hotel, Clarence Parade. Bed., 80; Rec., 2. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., 12/6 per day.

STROUD, Glos.—Prospect House Hotel, Bulls Cross, Bed., 12; Rec., 1. Pens., 3 to 3½ gns. W.E., 12/6 per day. Garden. Golf, riding.

TENBY, Pem.—Cliffe Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 3. Pens., 3½ to 5 gns.; W.E., 30/- to 55/- Tennis, golf, fishing, bathing.

TORQUAY.—Ashley Court Hotel, Abbey Road.—Bed., 30; Rec., 3; Pens., 3 gns.; W.E., 30/- Golf, 1 mile. Garden.

GLEN DEVON Hotel, St. Alban's Road, Babbacombe. Bed., 12; Rec., 1. Pens., 2½ to 3½ gns. Garden, tennis, golf.

NETHWAY PRIVATE Hotel, Falkland Road. Bed., 23; Rec., 2. Pens., from 3 gns. W.E., from 9/- per day. Golf, tennis, fishing.

UIG, Isle of Skye.—Uig Hotel. Bed., 13; Rec., 3. Lun., hot, 3/6; Din., 4/6. Golf, Hotel grounds, fishing, good boating.

MISCELLANEOUS

MEMBERSHIP OF THE INCOME TAX SERVICE BUREAU brings relief.—Address: Sentinel House, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

EMPIRE NEWS

Creating an Empire Air Force

By an Australian Correspondent

BEFORE Sir Keith Smith, the famous Australian airman, left England on Saturday to fly back to Sydney I asked him a question of high Imperial significance. It was:

"What is your opinion of the report that the Commonwealth Government is considering purchasing American planes for the Royal Australian Air Force?"

In view of the effort which is being made to strengthen the defences of the Empire, his reply seemed to me deserving of consideration by every Dominion legislator. He said:

"I hope that story is unfounded. It is impossible to over-emphasise the desirability of Britain and all the Dominions using, as far as possible, a standard type of fighting machine.

"That is the only way to establish a true Empire Air Force. And, surely, no need is more pressing than that of an Imperial defence organisation which is as closely knit as the scattered geography of the Empire allows.

"I think the talk about Australia buying American machines was prompted by rumours that Britain intended to do so, and also by a fear that British manufacturers would be unable to fulfil Australian orders.

"I have made discreet inquiries in London, and I am assured that Britain has no intention of using American planes.

"There are inevitably many objections to any country using machines manufactured by a foreign Power. Among the least controversial of these are the difficulty of obtaining spare parts and expert repairs in war time.

"But, to get back to the main theme, it is essential that the Dominions should use fighting machines similar to Britain's, because the Empire can build up a thoroughly efficient Air Force in no other way.

"For instance, let us assume that an interchange of personnel between one theatre of war and another were necessary in a war emergency.

"Let us say that an Australian pilot, accustomed to operating an American machine, were abruptly dumped at the controls of a British-made plane.

"Of course, he would understand the general principles, but there would necessarily be a definite time lag before he mastered his new machine.

"That time lag might cost his life and hundreds of other lives. It might also cost the Empire a defeat in a vital sector.

"That is merely an isolated instance. If we assume that the Dominions all adopted the idea of training and equipping their men with different types of machines, we begin to envisage the tragic confusion that would be possible."

Sir Keith told me that he did not believe any intelligent Australian would be aggrieved if British aircraft manufacturers found it impossible, owing to the pressure of the British programme, to satisfy the full demands of the Dominions at once.

"Anyway," he continued, "I understand that the murmurings of the Dominions have been met, at least to a large extent, by the decision of the British manufacturers to allot a certain part of their output for Dominion needs.

"And, after all, this is too vital a matter to be treated as a question of mere prestige. I realise, and I think most people in the Dominions realise, that the rest of the Empire would not last long if Britain were not in a position to meet aggression from outside its borders."

I hope Sir Keith will be able to impress his logic on any influential wobblers in Australia when he arrives back there.

Thinking Imperially is not always easy. Little jealousies may tend to obscure the main issue. But there is an overwhelming need for everyone to take an Imperial view of this question which involves the efficiency of at least one of the Empire's main lines of defence.

Unique Car Race

By Cleland Scott

Nanyuki, Kenya.

THE result of the Nairobi to Johannesburg car race was truly astounding; 2,715 miles through the heart of Africa covered in under sixty hours!

There was but forty minutes between the first three cars averaging over forty miles per hour. Each car had two drivers.

To the man who is used to the Great North Road such speeds may not appear out of the ordinary, but when it is remembered that the road is narrow, hairpin corners legion, bridges uncertain, sand rivers common, the road alive with gradients that in Europe would be labelled dangerous, and dust inches deep, the speeds of the cars and the endurance of the drivers, is amazing.

The winner ran over a leopard at over 60 miles per hour and saw a second in Nyassaland. Another competitor lost one of his headlights in a collision with an antelope.

Of particular pride to Kenya was the fact that the winning car, a Teraplane, bought in Nairobi was driven by Kenya settlers.

To win this gruelling race against the pick of South African drivers, many of whom had plenty of racing experience, was a stout effort.

A less pleasing feature was that out of forty-two starters only one was British, a Bentley. Not a very good advertisement for British cars for a race through British Africa!

Apart from anything else the race should prove most excellent publicity for Kenya and help still more to put it on the map.

A few years ago any traveller venturing to drive from South Africa to Kenya set forth "more in hope than in certainty" of arriving—under several weeks.

This race, which even the experts did not expect to be won under seventy-two hours, shows that Africa is becoming less "dark" and is eminently suited for touring for those who desire to get away from the common or garden touring grounds.

Moreover, it proves that the trip can be done in comfort and ease in, say, ten days or so.

India's Princes and Federation

Conference Without Results

From Our Delhi Correspondent.

Delhi, November.

INDIA'S Princes and their Ministers have latterly been holding a prolonged Conference in Bombay on the subject of the implications of Indian Federation the advent of which everyone believes will be announced by the King-Emperor in person at the Royal Durbar in Delhi in December, 1937.

It is quite certain that the Princes have been told that they must hurry in making up their minds to accept Federation, however much some of their number may dislike the very idea of it.

Hence this Conference and the many hours spent in earnest, if apparently quite fruitless, discussion.

Even the Statesman, with every desire to be optimistic where the question of Indian reform is concerned, has felt constrained to express disappointment over the entire absence of anything in the way of final decisions!!

All that has been done has been the appointment of two Committees, one to examine financial issues, the other to go thoroughly into all the constitutional problems involved.

And the Viceroy has been approached "kindly to extend the time by which the States are required to make their proposals to a fortnight after the next session of the Chamber so that the States may take advantage of the occasion for collective discussions before they finally submit their proposals."

It is all rather pathetic, is it not?

FORGOTTEN DEEDS OF THE EMPIRE

England and the Society Islands

By Professor A. P. Newton

AMONG the islands of the Pacific it seems strange that the group which was first visited by Englishmen and saw more of their activities than any other should never have come beneath the British flag, but should now be a colony of France.

The reason is due to historical accidents that are worth recalling, for they illustrate the fact that the fate of colonies is decided not by what happens within them but the general course of world politics.

The first European to touch at the beautiful group of what we now call the Society Islands was probably a Spanish navigator at the beginning of the seventeenth century, but the accounts of his voyage were completely forgotten, and it was not until a hundred and fifty years later that the islands became effectively known.

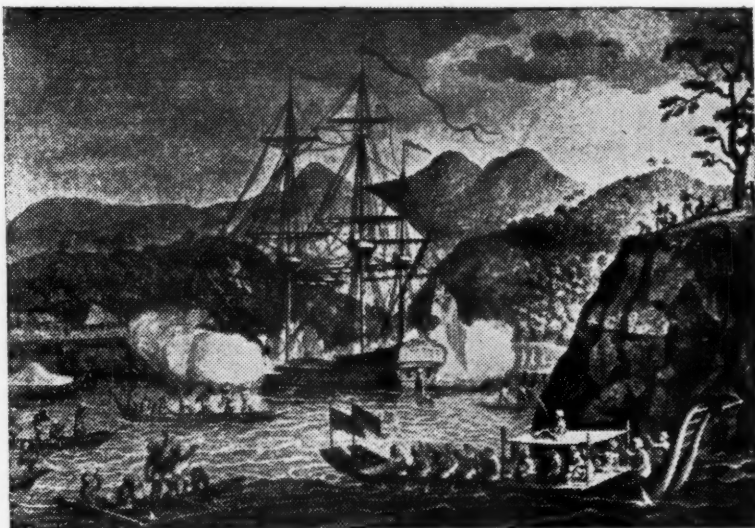
This was due to their re-discovery by Captain Samuel Wallis in 1767 in the course of his voyage through the South Pacific.

Wallis was greatly impressed by the beauty of the islands and the charm of their inhabitants. He took possession of them in the name of George III, and named them "King George's Islands."

Of course, the annexation was quite ineffective, for when Wallis departed the islanders settled back to their primitive life, but that was broken again by the visit of a French expedition in 1768, and again the visitors were charmed by the idyllic beauty of the scene.

At that time the Royal Society were anxious to find a spot as far distant from Greenwich as possible from which to observe the time of the transit of the planet Venus across the sun's disc.

This would provide data for the calculation of the sun's distance and



The surrender of Tahiti (Society Island) to Captain Wallis 1767. Visited by Cook 1769 for purposes of taking solar observations for Royal Society.

was of great importance in astronomy and the science of navigation.

Wallis's reports showed that Tahiti would be an excellent site for the observation, and an expedition was fitted out in 1768 for the purpose.

The command of the ships was entrusted to an excellent seaman, Captain James Cook, who had recently won high commendation by his surveys of the island of Newfoundland.

It was decided also to undertake botanical observations, and this task was entrusted to an amateur, Joseph Banks, who wished to accompany the expedition at his own expense.

Neither Cook nor Banks was known to the public at the time, but their later achievements have made their names illustrious among the founders of the Empire.

Cook sailed out round Cape Horn and successfully reached Tahiti, or Otaheiti as he called it, where the transit was observed at a prominent spot, now called Point Venus, in June, 1769.

He made great friends with the native Polynesians and their king, while Banks and his fellow scientists were making collections of plants and butterflies. He named the whole group the Society Islands in honour of the Royal Society, which had sent him out, and that name has persisted.

He passed on his voyage to the exploration of the coasts of New Zealand, as is well remembered, and got back to England in 1771.

The islands and their beauty captured public imagination, and in France various fashionable novels set their scene in the untouched paradise of the South Seas.

The Spanish Government believed that the Pacific lay within their own domain, and in 1772 and 1774 they sent out expeditions from Chile to occupy the Society Islands, but without success.

In 1788 Lieutenant Bligh was sent to the islands in the ship "Bounty"

to obtain supplies of the bread fruit tree for planting in the West Indies, and he and his men came into close association with the natives by assisting their chief, Pomace I, to overcome his enemies.

The memory of Tahiti, it will be remembered, had much to do with the subsequent mutiny on the "Bounty," and it was thither that the mutineers returned to find wives.

When the London Missionary Society was founded, the first task that called it was to preach the Gospel to the people of Tahiti, and thither a missionary expedition was sent in 1797.

It was welcomed by Pomace, but there were many difficulties and after a few years the missionaries had to leave the islands and take refuge at Sydney. They began work again in 1812, and there were widespread conversions to Christianity, but they did not last.

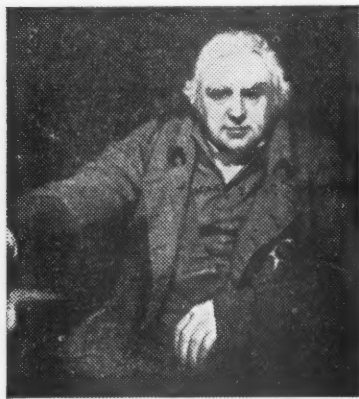
By 1824 the new cultivations of coffee, cotton and sugar were abandoned, and there was an almost complete relapse into heathen sensualism.

Urgent appeals were made to the British Government to annex the islands, but they could not be accepted owing to the settled policy not to increase imperial responsibilities.

The missionaries, however, went on with their work and under their leader, George Prichard, they strove by advice to the native rulers to keep out the Roman Catholic missionaries who, under the protection of France, were extending their work among the islands.

From 1836 to 1843 there were constant disputes between Prichard and the French, but the British Government would not oppose French designs owing to their desire for France's co-operation in Europe.

Ultimately, therefore, the French missionaries had their way. Prichard was removed and the islands definitely became a French protectorate.



Sir Joseph Banks, botanist of Cook's 1768-1771 expedition. Great advocate of colonising Botany Bay in New South Wales.

Strange People and Customs of Northern Nigeria

(4) The Emir of the Nupes

By Captain F. H. Mellor

NORTHERN NIGERIA is ruled for the most part by native rulers known as Emirs, all the more important being Moslems of Fulani extraction.

Some of them rejoice in impressive titles, the Sultan of Sokoto being known as the Serikin Musulmin, or chief of the Moslems, while the Emir of Kontagora calls himself the Serikin Soudan.

These rulers, advised by the British Residents and District Officers, carry out their duties in conscientious fashion, and the whole system, which is known as indirect administration, has been found to work well.

By it the people retain their traditional customs and mode of life, and the Emirs much of their power, though, of course, such abominations as slave raiding and the torture of prisoners have long been swept away.

It speaks volumes for the ability and impartiality of the handful of British officials that in a territory of 254,237 square miles, populated by 9,994,515 people of various races and religions, they have succeeded in maintaining law and order with only some thousand armed native police, and two regiments of native soldiers.

One of the most interesting of all the towns in Nigeria is the Nupe capital of Bida, the headquarters of an industrious and attractive people.

Situated some twenty miles from the railway, it is only visited by Government officials and a few traders so that the manners of the people have remained quite unspoilt.

At first, however, their customs are rather disconcerting, for they pass you without blinking an eyelid and then suddenly go down on all fours in salutation; thus, if you look round when walking through the crowded streets of Bida, you are treated to a view of the hindquarters of half the population.

They are polite to each other also and will spend about five minutes exchanging a ceremonial greeting when they meet a friend, which runs much as follows:

"Greeting unto you!"

"Unto you be greeting!" (repeated ten times).

"Are you well?"

"Yes, I am well!" (also repeated about ten times).

But the most exciting thing that can happen to one is to be presented to the Emir.

Once the Resident took me to see this potentate when he was seated in roval state on a mat outside his palace—the noise was deafening, for musicians played on long royal trumpets, jesters turned and twirled and heralds proclaimed at the top of their lungs: "One salutes you Serikin Bida, one salutes you, Lord of Lords, King of Kings, Elephant of Elephants, one salutes you."



A Nupe Emir.

As in a trance, half deafened by the shouts of the people and the firing of guns, I walked between the rows of bowing attendants and shook hands with a little old man who was attired in an enormous turban and a dirty white riga, or gown.

The Waziri was much more smartly dressed in a gown ornamented with the celebrated Bida embroidery, but I suppose the Emir went on the principle that a man in his position could wear what he liked.

Later this exalted potentate showed me round his palace and I admired the beautiful royal horses. "That's mine," he said laughing as he pointed to an old screw, "When I was young I liked a horse to prance, but now I want one that will keep quiet when the guns fire and the trumpets blow."

Even Emirs seem to be perfectly human.

White Maize

THE ill wind that recently blew dust over the wheat-fields of the United States has brought good fortune to the maize farmers in Southern Rhodesia.

The increase in the price of wheat has reacted in favour of the white maize, which is a speciality of this self-governing Colony. Maize which, at the beginning of June, was at an export parity of 5s. 5d. a bag of 200 lbs. has risen to nearly 8s. and Rhodesia still has a surplus of about 750,000 bags for export.

Shipments of white maize are being made from Southern Rhodesia to Canada.

Ceylon News

FORTY-EIGHT Ceylon boys are to be given, free of charge, a three-year course in agriculture, by the Island authorities. They believe the future of the Colony lies in no small measure on the land.

The only payment their parents will make is the cost of books and equipment—and here again the agricultural note is struck, for payment may be made in cash, rice or coconuts.

Carpentry, metal work, literature, art, music and last but not least, scouting will also be included in their curriculum.

When the course is completed, the boys will return to the Scout Colony at Kalutra to farm.

Two years ago a small pig was led through the streets of Panadura, Ceylon, for slaughter. The mischievous way in which it ran among the onlookers touched the spectators so deeply that a collection was made and the little pig's bacon saved.

To-day the pig weighs 220 pounds and is 6 feet in girth. The town folk call it "Pina" (the charity one), for it lives on the goodwill of the tea kiosks, basket women and vegetable sellers.

Its home is in an abandoned thatched shelter—in Lover's Lane.

Government's New Loan Policy

By Our City Editor

THE appearance of a new Government loan for £100,000,000 took the market somewhat by surprise last week for the maturities to be met in February next amount only to about £30,000,000 and the moment had not been regarded as particularly propitious for fresh borrowing. The new loan is a $2\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. Funding Loan issued at 98 $\frac{1}{2}$ and dated 1952-57 the return being just under £2 16s. flat or about 1s. less to redemption than that on Funding $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cents. The loan appears to have had a fairly good response though Spanish news has driven the price to a small discount.

The important point about the new issue is the effect on the Funding $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. loan. This stock failed to appeal to the financial houses and the investor at the time of its issue and the greater portion was believed to have been taken up by the Government departments. For many months now the Government has been a consistent seller of the stock although the price has been points below that at which the stock was issued. The appearance of a new loan giving slightly more favourable terms than Funding $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cents. and definitely competing with it as a dated under-par security, seems to indicate that the Treasury has given up the unequal struggle of trying to peddle out the unissued Funding $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cents. and is writing off the discount established on it as a bad debt—or error of judgment.

The "Boom" and After

After a week's madness markets have shown some realisation of the seriousness of events abroad and the weakness of this country's position. It should not be imagined, however, that the upward movement in securities is by any means finished with, the new Government loan promising a renewal of "cheap money" especially as the issue is not intended for re-armament purposes and issues to pay for Britain's now necessarily high expenditure may be expected later on—unless it is intended to pay for re-armament by writing up the Bank's gold reserves on the devaluation of the £, as has previously been suggested in these columns.

A correspondent asks pertinently what investment policy should be pursued in order to minimise loss of capital in the slump which is eventually likely to follow the "boom" now in course of preparation. The answer is, of course, that on any slump the investor should forsake industrial and other ordinary shares or "equities" in favour of the soundest fixed interest stocks obtainable to meet his requirements. The difficulty lies in judging the time at which the change should be made; so far there is no necessity to prepare for this position, as interest rates have not commenced to rise for long-term borrowing and British Government stocks show little sign of an immediate recession. When interest rates rise as reflected in

lower prices for British Government securities then the investor should prepare to purchase gilt-edged and other fixed interest securities with the soundest possible backing and to sell his high-priced industrials and speculative shares. Failing some major disturbance, such as a European war, there will be warnings in plenty of the approach of the peak of the boom.

International Tea

Holders of the 5s. shares of International Tea Company's Stores are becoming nervous at the fall in the price of the shares this year from 38s. to about 23s. 6d., and are wondering if this is the prelude to any bad news. International Tea enjoys as sound a management as any company engaged in the provision trade and the company has in consequence been a most prosperous concern. Last year a dividend of 30 per cent. was paid and this rate was earned but competition in the provision supply trade is known to be of the keenest. The companies associated with the Unilever group, Home and Colonial, Liptons, Maypole, Meadow and Greigs, have all suffered severely from the intensive competition in the trade and are known to be doing everything possible to regain their former profit levels. Prices of provisions have been steadily on the upgrade and it is believed that only a proportion of the rise could be passed on to the consumer.

Altogether, the trade is up against difficult times until some arrangement is reached between the leading firms for their mutual advantage. On the basis of last year's dividend International Teas yield over 6 per cent. so that there is ample margin of allowance in the present price for some reduction in the dividend should this be necessary. The interim dividend is payable early next month and the market is likely in consequence to show some jumpiness.

Armaments and Profits

The unfortunate effect of the present huge armaments hustle on the companies called upon by the Government suddenly to supply vast quantities of material after years of lack of orders of this nature, is meeting with some criticism already from those companies whose directors look well ahead. Tube Investments Ltd., the huge steel-tube manufacturing group, state that they are not enamoured of the violent fluctuations in employment and profit and have only made provision to supply armament material directly ensuant from their normal activities. The company increased its profits last year from £493,863 to £620,730, the dividend being 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for the year. The huge turnover has necessitated the sudden provision of capital to deal with the vastly expanded orders, but the directors evidently realise that this may only be a drain upon the company if and when conditions return to normal.

Centenary of the Lloyd Triestino

The Lloyd Triestino Company this year celebrates the 100th anniversary of its foundation. Indeed, the origin of the company, which later became the Lloyd Triestino, dates back as far as 1833. At that time the development of shipping activities in Trieste brought flocking around the indispensable supporters of such trade, companies organised for the insurance of both ships and cargoes. As time went on, these companies found it necessary to set up a centre for obtaining, at their common expense, all that information which was so necessary to their operations, and to organise it on the lines of the similar institution which had already for 60 years operated in London under the name of Lloyd, and therein lies the origin of the name in connection with the Lloyd Triestino Shipping Co.

The development of the company was very rapid. In 1838 its fleet already numbered 10 ships, and by 1846 it was doubled. Then in 1853 it was resolved that the company should build its own ships, and the foundation stone of the "arsenale" was laid, this being the shipyard from which for half a century all the ships of the company were launched. Twenty years after the foundation of the company, the fleet consisted of 61 ships.

In 1913 the 66 ships owned by the Lloyd Triestino aggregated a tonnage of 237,036 tons, and covered during the year a total of 2,437,777 miles. The war, of course, brought the activities of the company to a standstill, but in 1918 a new life opened up. The company set about the task of reorganising and reconstructing the fleet, and with foresight fitted the new vessels with internal-combustion propulsion. Then in 1932 the company was enlarged by the merging of the "Sitmar" and "Marittima Italiana." Thus her activities were extended from the Adriatic to the Tyrrhenian Sea.

Now, the company will enter the second century of existence with an increased field of activity.



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THEATRE NOTES

As You Like It

(Shakespeare)

Old Vic

"**A**S You Like It" at the Old Vic is full of surprises and is an excellent evening's entertainment. The scenery and costumes are by Molly McArthur—the first rather sombre as setting for the latter which are very gay, after the style of Watteau, or is it Fragonard? There is even a swing on which Celia reposes gracefully. A charming and somewhat inaudible Celia Eileen Peel made. I heard other people complaining of inability to hear her words which, as we were all sitting in the front rows of the stalls, was not good.

William Devlin and Ernest Hare, as Duke Frederick and the banished Duke were satisfyingly sinister and suave in their respective rôles. I have never seen the wrestling scene done better; there was real excitement over it as a contest, apart from its part in the context and Stefan Schnabel looked admirable in the part of Charles. The Orlando of Michael Redgrave, apart from being an admirable performance, had a manliness which the lover in a wood so frequently lacks. It is no easy matter to go scurrying through a wood with sonnets for your mistress and not appear rather foolish in the doing of it. Touchstone, Jacques and Le Beau were all undistinguished and James Dale's Jacques was at times very hurried and indistinct, considering this good actor's Shakespearean experience.

Miss Edith Evans' Rosalind has a charm and skill which made the play appear to centre entirely around this superb actress and as if she had not done sufficient for our pleasure, there was an Epilogue which she delivered in a manner which those who heard it will not soon forget.

Madame Butterfly

(Puccini)

Sadler's Wells

THE ever-popular Madame Butterfly, by Giacomo Puccini, was sung at Sadler's Wells before a very large and appreciative audience. Joan Cross, as Butterfly, sang uncertainly in the first act, though her gestures were always effective. In the second act she sang with great power and sincerity if without much sweetness, but it was a conscientious and painstaking performance. The flower duet with Suzuki was delightfully done, but Suzuki rarely appeared to give us her full tone. Pinkerton (Tudor Davies) and Sharpless (Sumner Austin) both sang well, though the former sang with too much vibrato in the first act. Lawrence Collier conducted the orchestra and there was great applause after the first act, but somehow both artists and orchestra failed to give us that overbearing sense of pathos and tragedy which "Butterfly" should, I feel, invoke and the producer should not have allowed Butterfly to retire behind a screen before killing herself, having pulled down a scarf which was conveniently draped thereon. So far from witnessing a suicide, one felt one was eavesdropping at a shower-bath.

C.S.

CINEMA

March of Time

BY MARK FORREST

THE *March of Time* is now in its second year and, though the experiment by no means pleases everyone, it doesn't look as if this form of pictorial journalism is in any danger of a quick decease. The title is one which has been given to an amplified newsreel, the object of which is to present to the world at large fuller aspects of topical matters; the perils of such experiments are plain for everyone to see. Unless the commentary is without bias a propaganda element enters into the reels, and there is a great danger that more offence will be given than enjoyment.

The latest contribution to the series is numbered five and may be seen at Studio One in Oxford Street among other places. A quarter of an hour of this is devoted to Ireland and a quarter of an hour to the recent Presidential election in America.

Free State Propaganda

Ireland has always been a thorny question, and I don't think that these fifteen minutes are going to simplify it. However, here is Mr. de Valera reading his hopes for the future, and the commentator at pains to point out how very much better off the Free State is getting on without England. Nothing is said about Ulster and how it is progressing without Mr. de Valera.

It seems to me that the cinematograph is meant to entertain, and not to photograph planks that make the floor of anyone's particular platform so that I am not disposed to try and put the other point of view here, but, looking at the film solely from a cinematic angle, to say that there are some excellent pictures showing the repercussions of the Shannon scheme and others that illustrate the increase in factory life due to government interest.

Ballyhoo

The second half deals with American politics and there are some remarkable photographs of that extraordinary figure, Gerald Smith. This gentleman purports to wear the mantle of the late Huey Long and he, together with Doctor Townshend and Father Coughlin, form what the commentator calls the "lunatic fringe." Certainly Mr. Smith has plenty of vocal power and, as No. 1 U.S.A. Rabble Rouser, so he styles himself, must have deafened his audiences if nothing else. The exact value of this ballyhoo has since been assessed at its real value.

More important, if a little less astounding, are the glimpses of the President and the White House. We see him entering on his first term and we take leave of him about to start his second. Of the figures which flit across the screen—Hoover, Landon and others—Roosevelt's is by far the most appealing, and his geniality is in marked contrast to the dourness of the rest.

BROADCASTING

Passing the Buck

BY ALAN HOWLAND

A RECENT conversation in which I took part recalled to my mind a phrase which I believe had its origin in the U.S.A., namely, "passing the buck." This phrase, I understand, is used both in this country and in the land of its birth to describe the unwillingness displayed by a certain type of person to take full responsibility for his actions. This unwillingness is particularly noticeable at Broadcasting House, as witness the following.

A friend of mine who receives fairly regular broadcasting engagements at the B.B.C., conceived an idea for a slightly "different" kind of programme. He got in touch with the Music Department and was granted an interview with what he took to be a responsible official.

This official, having had the idea carefully explained to him, expressed the opinion that it was good, and promised to consult his superior officer about it. A few days later my friend received a letter from the official in question which stated that, whereas the suggested programme would probably be well received by the public, it was not one with which his department (music) could deal satisfactorily. He advised my friend to submit his idea to the Variety Department.

Non-Stop Variety

This was done. After a period of a few days, my friend received a letter from the Variety Department stating that, whereas the idea was a good one, it was not one which could conveniently be handled by the Variety people, and advising that the suggestion should be put up to the Music Department.

Music Department, on being approached again, persisted in its original attitude, and hinted that the Children's Hour people should be approached.

By this time, of course, my friend was utterly tired of the whole proceeding and has taken no further steps. Anyone who has taken the trouble to follow the events as I have described them, will see that, so far, the "buck" has been "passed" three times.

Now, either that idea was a good one or a bad one. Supposing it to have been good—and I think it was—the public has been deprived of an amusing programme owing to the shilly-shallying methods of our broadcasting boys.

If it was a bad idea, why did not the Music Department turn it down flat? Why did not the Variety Department treat it with the contempt it deserved?

The answer is, of course, that nobody at Broadcasting House will dare to make a decision in case it should turn out to be wrong. And that, my masters, is why our programmes are so good.

Continued from page ii of Cover

I do not wish to sound an alarmist, but the Red Menace, of which I wrote a few weeks ago in the *Saturday Review*, is no fiction, but a dangerous reality. Once Red Hate possesses human souls, it becomes a contagious fever, sweeping through a nation's being. Within a year this Scarlet Fever has infected the soul of France with a rapidity that is well-nigh incredible.

Ireland has awakened to the assaults of Bolshevism, and is now withstanding it to the face. England has *not* awakened. Our statesmen and politicians seem incapable of reading the signs of the times, even with the East End ablaze with the Red Flag and hammer and sickle.

Bolshevism is a reality, not merely a Russian reality, but an international reality. Stalin, Lenin's successor in power and whose policy he follows exactly, has made the line of Communism's advance abundantly clear: the masses everywhere are to be organised in the League of the Militant Godless, with the Third International undermining ceaselessly for the Great World Revolution to smash the present order. Bolshevism will be deterred by no considerations of humanity or morality.

For the sake of English dupes, I will quote a few of Lenin's written statements: **"THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL IS PRIVATE PROPERTY," "RELIGION MUST BE DESTROYED WITH THE CAPITALIST," "THE BOLSHEVIK SYSTEM IS UNTHINKABLE WITHOUT TERRORISM."** Lenin should know!

"The A.B.C. of Communism," an official publication of the Soviet Government, declares, *"Our task is not to reform, but to destroy all kinds of religion, all kinds of morality."*

The *Pravda*, the Government paper, of May 7th, 1925, states, "Middle-class morality must be trampled under foot."

WAR AGAINST GOD

In another Government paper, the *Besbojnik*, Lounatcharsky, the Minister for Education, wrote in its first issue, **"WITH ALL MY HEART I WISH THE PAPER SUCCESS IN ITS WAR AGAINST THE REVOLTING IMAGE OF GOD, WHO THROUGHOUT THE WHOLE OF HISTORY HAS CAUSED SUCH DIABOLIC EVIL TO MANKIND."**

And an educated undergraduate stood up at the Congress to which I have alluded, and solemnly announced that Bolshevism did not war against religion!

It may interest English parents to know that under Bolshevism children are taught that there is no such thing as sex-morality. The bestial results are better imagined than described.

This is how Bolshevism began in Russia:—

Between 1918 and 1920, 26 Bishops and 7,000 priests of the Orthodox Church were put to death. Some were hanged, some drowned, some cut to pieces. The Archbishop of Perm was buried alive. The Bishop of Yourief had his nose and ears cut off, was tortured and then cut to pieces. Catholic priests, if not executed, were sent to the mines of Siberia for teaching the catechism to children. A public trial of Almighty God was held under Government auspices, in which figures representing the three Divine Persons were put in dock.

Here is the glorious "freedom" for which our English Reds shout:—

There is no liberty of the Press in Russia, and no paper is allowed to hold opinions contrary to the Government policy. The Secret Police have power practically of life and death. According to Soviet official papers, nearly two millions of persons have been executed by the Secret Police Force.

And here are some of the methods employed by Red Terrorism in its fight against civilisation and morality in Spain at the present time:—

I will quote from a letter received (via Gibraltar) from a Spanish girl a few days ago. She was educated in England, and writes in broken English: "England cannot know what we patriots are going through, we who stand for religion and civilisation against murder, sin and more sin. In the part of Spain which is in the hands of the Reds the men, women and children are killed and tortured in such horrible ways that I can't tell you. . . . In Madrid, Malaga and Barcelona, every night fifty to sixty people are murdered, not because they are Fascists, but because they have lived decent and good lives."

SHOULD ANYONE LABEL THIS FOR AN UNPROVED STATEMENT, MAY I MENTION THAT THERE ARE ABUNDANT UNFAKED PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE "HORRIBLE WAYS" ALLUDED TO, WHICH HAVE REACHED ENGLAND IN SPITE OF RED PRECAUTIONS. THEY SHOW ATROCITIES UPON HUMAN BODIES SO UNUTTERABLY OBSCENE THAT NO PAPER COULD PUBLISH THEM.

I will merely remind you again that this diabolical vileness is all of it an essential accompaniment of the Red System which Lenin has declared "unthinkable without terrorism." The same may happen in any country at the hands of Bolshevism, when Red Hate is let loose.

I hope, now, you may at least know the cause English Reds are espousing!

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WHAT HAS THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS EVER DONE FOR ENGLAND?

IT has brought us every sort of trouble, loss of prestige, loss of trade with Italy and loss of work for Welsh miners, loss of millions of English money taken from the taxpayers' pockets, and the only solution of the mystery of this devastating policy to ruin us—one can think of is—that *Litvinoff must have extracted a promise from Mr. Eden that at all costs the League must be still continued* TO HELP THE BOLSHEVISTS CARRY ON THEIR DEVIL'S WORK TO DESTROY THE BRITISH EMPIRE AND CIVILISATION.



Battling Ramsay (to latest opponent): "For heaven's sake keep the fight going, Herbert. Look what's come now!"

("When are you going to sue me for libel? I am waiting," wired Lady Houston to the Premier, referring to an article which appeared in "THE SATURDAY REVIEW" which was banned by the newsagents.)